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SHAKESPEARE'S TEMPEST.
SHAKESPEARE'S

TEMPEST

EDITED

WITH GLOSSARIAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

BY THE

REV. J. M. JEPHSON

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1864
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INTRODUCTION

to

THE TEMPEST.

To impart an accurate knowledge of the principles of language ought to be the primary object of all education; because language is not only the means of communicating our thoughts to others, but it is the very instrument of thought itself. When we think of anything, we think of it by the name by which we are used to call it. If we are very vehemently affected by the matter of our thoughts, we often actually think aloud, and clothe our thoughts in words, though there be no one present to hear them. It follows from this, that if our use of language be inaccurate, our thoughts must be inaccurate too, and that in acquiring a
knowledge of the true meaning and power of words and sentences we are preparing for ourselves the tools and instruments, as it were, of right reason; we are forming our minds for any intellectual work which they may afterwards be called upon to do. Prospero is not liable to the charge of blundering or exaggeration when he tells Caliban that before Caliban knew the use of words he did not know his own meaning.

Why has the study of Greek and Latin been for ages made the foundation of all the higher intellectual training of Europe? Because a thorough knowledge of the principles of grammar, that is, of the structure of language itself, is supposed to be best attained through the medium of them. We learn our mother tongue by practice and almost intuitively, and may speak with tolerable correctness upon ordinary subjects without knowing anything of its structure. But when we come to speak or write a foreign language, we must know the reason why the same word assumes different forms in different connections; we must gather the general laws by which these changes are governed; we must observe the slight shades of distinction which make it expedient to choose one word in preference to another of nearly the same signification in our own language as an equivalent for
a word in the foreign language which we are construing; and by this laborious process we at length acquire, more or less, not only accuracy in expressing our meaning, but accuracy of thought. Greek and Latin are peculiarly adapted for being the materials of this process, because, from some peculiar mental conformation of the persons who spoke them, their structure is extremely subtle, expressing by the changes of the words themselves every shade of distinction in the relation in which those words stand to each other. There are many other reasons indeed why the study of Greek and Latin is considered of paramount importance as an instrument of education; as, for instance, because of the excellence of the works written in those languages, and because almost all the tongues of modern Europe are founded upon them, so that he who knows Latin finds it comparatively easy to learn French, Italian, or Spanish. But the real and most important reason is, that Greek and Latin are the best and readiest medium for learning language itself. Some of the finest and simplest pieces of writing in the English language have been elaborated by the diligent study of Demosthenes and Cicero.

The thorough grammatical education, however, which is founded upon the study of the dead
languages, is expensive, and requires years of patient labour, whereas in these busy times youths are expected to begin to earn a livelihood before they are twenty. For the benefit of such it is important to find some substitute for classical study; and it is believed that such a substitute may be found in the Plays of Shakespeare. Their extraordinary excellence as works of art fits them for forming the taste of the student. Their language is slightly obsolete, and the construction of the sentences sometimes intricate; and in order to follow their meaning, it is often necessary to trace the words to their original derivation, to consider every word in its grammatical relation to the rest, and by patient attention to unravel the tangled skein of thought which was in the poet's mind when he wrote. Shakespeare's plays cannot be read and understood by the light of that almost intuitive knowledge of our mother tongue which we gather from common conversation. Each sentence becomes, like a sentence in Thucydides or Cicero, a lesson in the origin and derivation of words, and in the fundamental rules of grammatical construction.

Of the thirty-seven extant Plays of Shakespeare, the Tempest has been chosen for the present purpose for several reasons. In the first place,
it is the most artistically constructed, as it is one of the latest of the poet's works. Secondly, it is free from all impurity; and lastly, it is certainly one of the most poetical, and therefore the most likely to interest the youthful imagination, and so to form the youthful taste.

The fable of the play is not taken, like those of most of Shakespeare's, from any known story. Prospero Duke of Milan is deprived of his dukedom by his traitorous brother Antonio, aided and assisted by Alonzo King of Naples; and he and his youthful daughter Miranda are placed in an open boat and committed to the mercy of the winds and tide. This incident was a favourite with the early English poets. It is the foundation of the Man of Law's Tale in Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrimage. A faithful old lord, Gonzalo, places in the boat provisions, clothes, and some of those books in the study of which Prospero used to forget the duties of government; and thus freighted the boat drifts upon an island inhabited only by spirits and Caliban the deformed and savage son of the witch Sycorax. Here the banished Duke and his daughter Miranda live in a cave, served by Caliban and an airy spirit named Ariel, whom Prospero by his magic art had rescued from a riven oak in the cleft of which he
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selected the reading which seems to him to be probably correct.

The Notes are constructed on the idea that what is above all things necessary is to teach the student to analyse every obscure sentence and trace out the logical sequence of the Poet's thoughts. Next, to point out the rules which appear to have governed Shakespeare's versification; then to explain the meaning of such words or forms of words as are either now obsolete or have acquired a new signification; and finally to guide the student's taste by directing his attention to such passages as seem especially worthy of note for their poetical beauty or truth to nature.

It now only remains to offer a word of advice as to the mode of studying the play. The student should first, I think, read it over for the sake of the story, never stopping to look at the notes, or to find out the exact meaning of any particular word or phrase, but contenting himself with a general idea of the drift of the whole. But if any particular passage strikes him, let him dwell upon it and read it aloud. This will improve his taste. He should then read the play a second time, sentence by sentence, and endeavour to unravel every intricate phrase, and to see the exact force and meaning of every word, remembering that there is nothing
INTRODUCTION

to

THE TEMPEST.

To impart an accurate knowledge of the principles of language ought to be the primary object of all education; because language is not only the means of communicating our thoughts to others, but it is the very instrument of thought itself. When we think of anything, we think of it by the name by which we are used to call it. If we are very vehemently affected by the matter of our thoughts, we often actually think aloud, and clothe our thoughts in words, though there be no one present to hear them. It follows from this, that if our use of language be inaccurate, our thoughts must be inaccurate too, and that in acquiring a
are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and all speaking in their real characters. There agency of airy spirits and of an earthly ground the operations of magic, the tumults of a shipwreck, the adventures of a desert island, the native effects of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, the final happiness of the pair for whom our emotions and reason are equally interested."
THE TEMPEST.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his brother.
PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.

ADRIAN,
FRANCISCO,
\{ Lords.

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINOULO, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.

Master of a Ship.
Boatswain.
Mariners.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
IRIS,
CERES,
JUNO,
Nymphs,
Reapers,
\{ presented by Spirits.

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE—A ship at sea: an uninhabited island.
THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-Master: and a Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain!
Boats. Here, master: what cheer?
Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to’ t, yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [Exit.

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my 5 hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master’s whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care: Where’s the master? Play the men.
Boats. I pray now, keep below.
Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?
Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.
THE TEMPEST. [ACT I.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin! silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a Counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say. [Exit.

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A plague o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.
SCENE II.]  THE TEMPEST.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and leaky withal.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!  
Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?  
Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist  
For our case is as theirs.  
[them,  
Seb.  
I'm out of patience.  
Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:  
This wide-chapped rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning  
The washing of ten tides!  
Gon. He'll be hanged yet,  Though every drop of water swear against it,  And gape at wid'st to glut him.  
[A confused noise within:  “Mercy on us!”—  “We split, we split!”—“Farewell my wife and children!”—  
“Farewell, brother!”—“We split, we split, we split!”  
Ant. Let's all sink with the king.  
Seb. Let's take leave of him. [Exeunt Ant. and Seb.  
Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.  
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.  The island.  Before PROSPERO'S cell.

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you've  
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.  
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the we[ll]kin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perished!
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallowed and
The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:

[Lays down his mantle.

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul,
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit
For thou must now know farther.
Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopped,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding "Stay: not yet."

Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is't
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st ought ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and thou his only heir
A princess no worse issued.

Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessèd was 't we did?

Pros. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;
But blessedly holp hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turned you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther. 65

Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, called Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, whom to advance, and whom
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new formed 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And sucked my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary, as great  
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,  
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded  
Not only with what my revenue yielded  
But what my power might else exact, like one  
Who having unto truth, by telling oft,  
Made such a sinner of his memory,  
To credit his own lie, he did believe  
He was indeed the duke, out o' the substitution,  
And executing the outward face of royalty,  
With all prerogative:—hence his ambition  
Growing,—dost thou hear?

_Mir._ Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.  
_Prose._ To have no screen between this part he played  
And him he played it for, he needs will be  
Absolute Milan. For me, poor man, my library  
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties  
He thinks me now incapable; confederates,  
So dry he was for sway, wi' the King of Naples  
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,  
Subject his coronet to his crown and bend  
The dukedom, yet unbowed,—alas, poor Milan!  
To most ignoble stooping.

_Mir._ O the heavens!

_Prose._ Mark his condition, and th' event; then tell me  
If this might be a brother.

_Mir._ I should sin  
To think but nobly of my grandmother:  
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

_Prose._ Now the condition.

This King of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;  
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,  
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,  
Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
THE TEMPEST.

With all the honours, on my brother: whereon, 
A treacherous army levied, one midnight 
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open 
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness, 
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence 
Me and thy crying self.

_Mir._
Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

_Pro._
Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

_Mir._
Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

_Pro._
Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me; nor set
A mark so bloody on the business, but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roared to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

_Mir._
Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

_Pro._
O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infusèd with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have decked the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groaned; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

_Mir._ How came we ashore?

_Pro._ By Providence divine.

Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

_Mir._ Would I might
But ever see that man!

_Pro._ Now I arise: [Resumes his mantle.

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.

Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princesses can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

_Mir._ Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray
you, sir,

For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

_Pro._ Know thus far forth:

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,

And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.

[Miranda sleeps.]
Come away, servant, come. I am ready now. Approach, my Ariel, come.

_E enter Ariel._

_Ari._ All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be’t to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

_Pros._ Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee? 1

_Ari._ To every article.
I boarded the king’s ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometime I ’ld divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly, 2
Then meet and join. Jove’s lightnings, the precursors
O’ the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble, 2
Yea, his dread trident shake.

_Pros._ My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

_Ari._ Not a soul.
But felt a fever of the mad, and played
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners 2
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me: the king’s son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leaped; cried, “Hell is empty.
And all the devils are here.”

_Pros._ Why, that’s my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

_Ari._ Close by, my master.

_Pro._ But are they, Ariel, safe?

_Ari._ Not a hair perished;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

_Pro._ Of the king's ship
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

_Ari._ Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stowed;
Who, with a charm joined to their suffered labour,
I've left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrecked,
And his great person perish.

_Pro._ Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed: but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

_Ari._ Past the mid season.

_Pro._ At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six
Must by us both be spent most preciously. [and now

_Ari._ Is there more toil? Since thou dost give
me pains,

_Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet performed me._
Pros. How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pros. Before the time be out? no more!
Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pros. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread
Of the salt deep, [the ooze
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir. [forgot
Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born?
Ari. Sir, in Argier. [speak; tell me.
Pros. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damned witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banished: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir. [child,
Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprisoned thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honoured with
A human shape.

_Ari._ Yes, Caliban her son.

_Pros._ Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

_Ari._ I thank thee, master.

_Pros._ If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howled away twelve winters.

_Ari._ Pardon, master;
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

_Pros._ Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

_Ari._ That's my noble master!

What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

_Pros._ Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in't: go, hence with diligence!

[Exit Ariel.

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well; Awake!

Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [within] There's wood enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say! there's other business
Come, thou tortoise! when?

[for thee:

Re-enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [Exit.

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! [himself

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

[cramps,

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner. 330
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me and madest much of me, wouldst
Water with berries in 't, and teach me how [give me
To name the bigger light and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee
And showed thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:
Cursèd be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave, [thee,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used 345
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho! would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pros. Abhorreed slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage, 355
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

_Cal._ You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

_Prose._ Hag-seed, henée! Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with achèes, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

_Cal._ No, pray thee.

_[Aside]_ I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

_Prose._ So, slave; hence! [Exit Caliban.

_Re-enter Ariel, invisible, playing and singing:
Ferdinand following._

_Ariel's song._

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd,
The wild waves whist,
Foot it feitly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

_Burthen [diaperedly]._ Hark, hark!
Bow-wow.
The watch dogs bark:
Bow-wow.

_Ari._ Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

_Fer._ Where should this music be? i' th' air or th'
_It sounds no more:_ and, sure, it waits upon [earth?
_Some god o' th' island._ Sitting on a bank,
SCENE II.]  

THE TEMPEST.  

Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL SINGS.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange,
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Burthen: Ding-dong.

Ari. Hark! now I hear them.—Ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drowned father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.

Mir. What is 't? a spirit? 410

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stained
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pros. [Aside] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee:
Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

Mir. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pros. How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wrecked.

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.

Pros. [Aside] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. [To Fer.] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sighed for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.
SCENE II.]  THE TEMPEST.

[Aside] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.  [To Fer.] One word more;
    I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer.            No, as I am a man.

Mir.  There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

Pros.            Follow me. 460

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.  Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, withered roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled.  Follow.

Fer.            No; 465

I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

  [Draws, and is charmed from moving.

Mir.            O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pros.            What! I say,
My foot my tutor?  Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possessed with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir.            Beseech you, father.

Pros.  Hence! hang not on my garments.
Mir.  
I'll be his surety.

Pros.  Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mir.  My affections
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pros.  Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer.  So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pros.  [Aside] It works.  [To Fer.] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!  [To Fer.] Follow me.  [To Ari.] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mir.  Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pros.  Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari.  To the syllable.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause, So have we all, of joy; for our escape Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe Is common; every day, some sailor's wife, The masters of some merchant, and the merchant, Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle, I mean our preservation, few in millions Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One: tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertained that's offered, Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet,—

Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which, of them, he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!—So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet,—

Ant. He could not miss 't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 't were perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! How green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king’s fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. ’Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido’s time.

Ant. Widow! a plague o’ that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said ‘widower Æneas’ too?

Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. ‘Widow Dido’ said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Seb. His word is more than the miraculous harp; he hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e’er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.
Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first
day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter’s marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne’er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
’Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o’er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he’s gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banished from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on ’t.

Alon. Prithée, peace.

Seb. You were kneeled to and importuned other-
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weighed between loathness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We’ve lost your

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have

More widows in them of this business’ making.
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault’s
Your own.
_Alon._ So is the dearest of the loss.
_Gon._ My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
_Seb._ Very well.
_Ant._ And most chirurgeonly.
_Gon._ It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
_Seb._ Foul weather?
_Ant._ Very foul.
_Gon._ Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
_Ant._ He’d sow’t with nettle-seed.
_Seb._ Or docks, or mallows.
_Gon._ And were the king on’t, what would I do?
_Seb._ ’Scape being drunk for want of wine.
_Gon._ I the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, and poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;—
_Seb._ Yet he would be king on ’t.
_Ant._ The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
the beginning.
_Gon._ All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
  Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?
  Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves. 165
  Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
  Seb. 'Save his majesty!
  Ant. Long live Gonzalo!
  Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir?
  Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing
to me.
  Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it 170
to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of
such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use
to laugh at nothing.
  Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.
  Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am 175
nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at
nothing still.
  Ant. What a blow was there given!
  Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.
  Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you 180
would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would
continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL (invisible) playing solemn music.
  Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.
  Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.
  Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my 185
discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for
I am very heavy?
  Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.
   [All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.
  Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find 190
They are inclined to do so.
  Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

_Ant._       We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

_Alon._       Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.

        [Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.

_Seb._ What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

_Ant._ It is the quality o' the climate.

_Seb._ Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

_Ant._ Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropped, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

_Seb._ What, art thou waking?

_Ant._ Do you not hear me speak?

_Seb._ I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

_Ant._ Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st
Whilest thou art waking.

_Seb._ Thou dost snore distinctly;  
There's meaning in thy snores.

_Ant._ I am more serious than my custom: you
_Must be so too, if heed me; which to do_
Trebles thee o'er.

_Seb._ Well, I am standing water.

_Ant._ I'll teach you how to flow.

_Seb._ Do so: to ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

_Ant._

O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
While you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men indeed
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

_Seb._ Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee and a birth indeed
Which throes thee much to yield.

_Ant._ Thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earthed, hath here almost persuaded,—
For he’s a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the king his son’s alive,
’Tis as impossible that he’s undrowned
As he that sleeps here swims.

_Seb._ I have no hope
That he’s undrowned.

_Ant._ O, out of that ‘no hope’
What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,

But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drowned?

_Seb._ He’s gone.

_Ant._ Then, tell me,

*Who’s the next heir of Naples?*

_Seb._ Claribel.

_Ant._ *She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells*
Scene I.]

THE TEMPEST.

Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
can have no note, unless the sun were post,—
The man i' the moon's too slow,—till new-born chins
be rough and razorable; she from whom
we all were sea-swallowed, though some cast again,
and by that destiny, to perform an act
whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
in yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this! How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
so is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
there is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
measure us back to Naples? keep in Tunis,
and let Sebastian wake." Say, this were death
that now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
as well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
as amply and unnecessarily
as this Gonzalo; I myself could make
a chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
the mind that I do! what a sleep were this
for your advancement! do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember
you did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
and look how well my garments sit upon me;
much feater than before: my brother's servants
were then my fellows; now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience.

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 't were a kibe,
'twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not.
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead; 280
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest, 285
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke 290
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. [They talk apart.

Re-enter Ariel invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger 295
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,—
For else his project dies,—to keep them living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take,
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, Awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.
Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the king! [They wake. 305

Alon. Why, how now? ho, awake!—Why are you
Wherefore this ghastly looking? [drawn?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. While we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you? 310
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming, 315
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes opened,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons. 320

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make fur-
For my poor son. [ther search

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' th' island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exeunt. 325

Scene II. Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood. A noise of

Thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
THE TEMPEST.

[ACT II.

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall: sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter Trinculo.

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I
hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud,
yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that
would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it
did before, I know not where to hide my head:
yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.
What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or
alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient
and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest
Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England
now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted,
not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of
silver: there would this monster make a man: any
strange beast there makes a man: when they will
not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will
lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a
man! and his fins like arms! Warm o’ my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [Thunder.] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter here—misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing: *a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore,—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man’s funeral: well, here’s my comfort. [Drinks.

[Sings.] The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch;
Yet a tailor might scratch her where’er she did itch.
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here’s my comfort.

Cal. Do not torment me:—O! [Drinks.

Ste. What’s the matter? Have we devils here?

Do you put tricks upon ’s with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at’s nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me:—O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where
the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neath's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring him home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he has never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosp works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you, can open your mouth; this will shake your shakin I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be-but he is drowned; and these are devils:—O defer me!

Ste. Four legs and two voices,—a most delica monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak of his friend; his backward voice is to utter false speeches and to detract. If all the wine in n bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come:—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, tou
me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.[not sprites. 120

Cal. [aside] These be fine things, an if they be That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine age?
Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?
Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.
Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.
Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.
Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster!
The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!
Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island;
And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.
Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.
Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.
Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.
Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster!
I could find in my heart to beat him,—
Ste. Come, kiss.
Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!
Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.
Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!
Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts,
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
SCENE II.]

THE TEMPEST. 39

To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me
Ste. I prithee now, lead the way without any?
more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our
company else being drowned, we will inherit here: 180
here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him
by and by again.

Cal. sings drunkenly.] Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
Ban, Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master:—get a new man. 190

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-
day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their
labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbèd,
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy left when idlest.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance, unseen.

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you're enjoined to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—

What is your name?
Mir. Miranda.—O my father,
I have broken your hest to say so!

Fer. Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I've eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i’ the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I’m glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between ’em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I’ll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I’ll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e’er of freedom: here’s my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in’t: and now
Till half an hour hence. [farewell.

Fer. A thousand thousand!

[Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I’ll to my book;
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining. [Exit.
SCENE II. Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

_Spe. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me._

_Trin._ Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

_Spe._ Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

_Trin._ Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

_Spe._ My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

_Trin._ Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

_Spe._ We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

_Trin._ Nor go neither; but you'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

_Spe._ Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

_Cal._ How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

_Trin._ Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou debauched fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

_Cal._ Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him,
THE TEMPEST.

Trin. 'Lord,' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!
Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.
Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.
Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?
Ste. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.
Ari. Thou liest.
Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.
Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.
Trin. Why, I said nothing.
Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.
Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him,—for I know thou darest, But this thing dare not,—
Ste. That's most certain.
Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.
Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?
Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.
Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.
Cal. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch! 65
I do beseech thy Greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: inter- 70
rupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand,
I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-
fish of thee.

'Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go
farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [Beats him.] As
you like this, give me the lie another time.

'Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits, 80
and hearing too? A plague o' your bottle! this can
sack and drinking do. A murrain on your mon-
ster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee, stand 85
farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.


Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him, 90
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not 95
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

*Ste.* Is it so brave a lass?

*Cal.* Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

*Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter
and I will be king and queen,—save our Graces!—
and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroy. Dost
thou like the plot, Trinculo?

*Trin.* Excellent.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee;
but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy
head.

*Cal.* Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Ste.* Ay, on mine honour.

*Trin.* This will I tell my master.

*Cal.* Thou makest me merry; I am full of plea-
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch [sure:
You taught me but while-ere?

*Ste.* At thy request, monster, I will do reason,
any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings.
Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

*Cal.* That's not the tune.

[Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.

*Ste.* What is this same?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our catch, played by
the picture of Nobody.

*Ste.* If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy like-
ness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

*Trin.* O, forgive me my sins!
STE. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!
CAL. Art thou afeard?
STE. No, monster; not I.
CAL. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises, Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not. Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices, That, if I then had waked after long sleep, Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming, The clouds methought would open and show riches Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked, I cried to dream again.
STE. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.
CAL. When Prospero is destroyed.
STE. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.
TRIN. The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.
STE. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on.
TRIN. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Another part of the island.

ENTER ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

GON. By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir; My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed, Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience, I needs must rest me.

ALON. Old lord, I cannot blame thee, Who am myself attached with weariness, To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest. Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it.
No longer for my flatterer: he's drowned
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. [Aside to Seb.] I am right glad that he's so out
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose [of hope.
That you resolved to effect.

Seb. [Aside to Ant.] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. [Aside to Seb.] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppressed with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they're fresh.

Seb. [Aside to Ant.] I say, to-night: no more.

[Solemn and strange music.

Alon. What harmony is this?—My good friends,

Gon. Marvellous sweet music! [hark!

Enter Prospero above, invisible. Enter several strange
Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it
with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the
King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens!—What were:

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe [these?
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—

For, certes, these are people of the island,—

Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note.
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

_Pros._ [Aside] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present 35
Are worse than devils.

_Alon._ I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, express-
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind [ing,
Of excellent dumb discourse.


_Fran._ They vanished strangely.

_Seb._ No matter, since 40
They've left their viands behind; for we have sto-
Will 't please you to taste of what is here? [machs.

_Alon._ Not I. [boys,

_Gon._ Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lappedlike bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em 45
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us [find
Good warrant of.

_Alon._ I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel 50
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

_Thunder and lightning._ Enter _Ariel, like a harpy;
_claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint
device, the banquet vanishes._

_Ari._ You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't,—the never-surfetied sea
_Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit,—you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I've made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. [Alon., Seb. etc. draw their swords]
You fools! I and my fellow,
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are tempered, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowe that's in my plume: my fellow-minister:
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,—
For that's my business to you,—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
Lingering perdition—worse than any death
Can be at once—shall step by step attend [from,—
You and your ways; whose wrathes to guard you
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the
Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows,
and carrying out the table.

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Performed, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power; 90
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drowned,—
And his and mine loved darling. [Exit above.

Gon. I’ the name of something holy, sir, why
In this strange stare? [stand you

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous! 95
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i’ th’ ooze is bedded; and
I’ll seek him deeper than e’er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie muddled. [Exit.

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I’ll fight their legions o’er.

Ant. I’ll be thy second. [Exeunt Seb. and Ant.

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great
Like poison given to work a great time after, [guilt,
Now ’gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before Prospero’s cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pros. If I have too austerely punished you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life.
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

_Fer._ I do believe it
Against an oracle.

_Pros._ Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be ministered,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

_Fer._ As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phoebus' steeds are foundered,
Or Night kept chained below.

_Pros._ Fairly spoke.
Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

_Enter Ariel._

_Ari._ What would my potent master? here I am.
Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion, for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, 'come,' and 'go,'
And breathe twice, and cry, 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [Exit. 50

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood; be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pros. Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [Soft music.

Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatched with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pionèd and twillèd brims,
Which spongy April at thy best betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-grn
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport:—her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-coloured messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubbed down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath thy queen
Summoned me hither, to this short-grassed green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forswn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her Deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid.
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is returned again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honoured in their issue. [They sing: 105

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, plenty plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art 120
I have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wondered father and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.

[Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!

Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,  
Or else our spell is marred.

_Iris._ You nymphs, called Naiads, of the windring brooks,  
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,  
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land  
Answer your summons; Juno does command:  
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love; be not too late.

_Elter certain Nymphs._
You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:  
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing.

_Elter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish._

_Pros._ [Aside] I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates  
Against my life: the minute of their plot [more!  
Is almost come. [To the Spirits.] Well done! avoid; no  
Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion  
That works him strongly.

_Mir._ Never till this day  
Saw I him touched with anger so distempered.

_Pros._ You do look, my son, in a moved sort,  
As if you were dismayed: be cheerful, sir.  
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits and  
Are melted into air, into thin air:  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vexed;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturbed with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

_Fer. Mir._ We wish your peace. [Exeunt.
_Proc._ Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel: come.

_Enter Ariel._

_Ari._ Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?
_Proc._ Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

_Ari._ Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I feared
Lest I might anger thee. [Let's?

_Proc._ Say again, where didst thou leave these var-

_Ari._ I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unbacked colts, they pricked their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charmed their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing followed through
Toothed briers, sharp furzes, prickling goss, and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
_O'erstunk their fear._

_Proc._ This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, laden with glistening apparel, &c.

Come hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible. Enter CALI-
BAN, STEPHANO, and TRINOCULO, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a
harmless fairy, has done little better than played the
Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at
which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I
should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.
All's hushed as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in
that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet
this is your harmless fairy, monster.
Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here, This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter. Do that good mischief which may make this island Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. O King Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy Grace shall have it. [mean

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches, Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your Grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time. And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I 'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make
Then pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar!

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Before the cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
Pros. I did say so, When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit, How fares the king and ’s followers?

Ari. Confined together In the same fashion as you gave in charge, Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir, In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell; They cannot budge till your release. The king, His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted, And the remainder mourning over them, Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly [zalo;” Him that you termed, sir, “The good old lord, Gon- His tears run down his beard, like winter’s drops From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works ’em That, if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall. Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling Of their affections, and shall not myself, One of their kind, that relish all as sharply Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art? Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the Yet with my nobler reason ’gainst my fury [quick, Do I take part: the rarer action is In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent, The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel: My charms I ’ll break, their senses I ’ll restore, And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I ’ll fetch them, sir. [Exit.

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;

And ye that on the sands with printless foot.
THE TEMPEST.

Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimmed
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. [Solemn music.

Re-enter Ariel before: then Alonso, with a frantic
gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and
Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and
Francisco: they all enter the circle which Prospero
had made, and there stand charmed; which
Prospero observing, speaks:

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boiled within thy skull! There stand, 60
For you are spell-stopped.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act. [blood,
Thou art pinched for 't now, Sebastian. Flesh and
You, brother mine, that entertained ambition,
Expelled remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
Would here have killed your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
I will discase me and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

\textit{Ariel sings and helps to attire him.}

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

\textit{Pros.} Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee; 95
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

_Aria._ I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [Exit]

_Gon._ All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

_Pros._ Behold, sir king,
The wrong'd Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

_Alon._ Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—
An if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat [sperts
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Pro-
Be living and be here?

_Pros._ First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

_Gon._ Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

_Pros._ You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
_Believe things certain._ Welcome, my friends all!

[Aside to Seb. and Ant.] But you, my brace of lords
were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I'll tell no tales.

_Seb. [Aside]_ The devil speaks in him.

_Pro. _No.

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know
Thou must restore.

_Alon._ If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wrecked upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.

_Pro._ I'm woe for't, sir.

_Alon._ Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.

_Pro._ I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

_Alon._ You the like loss!

_Pro._ As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

_Alon._ A daughter?

O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were muddled in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

_Pro._ In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason and scarce think.
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe’er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrecked, was landed,
To be the Lord on ’t. No more yet of this;
For ’tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell’s my court: here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you’ve given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda
playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dear’st love,
I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I’ve cursed them without cause.

Kneels.

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam’st here.

Mir. O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pros. 'Tis new to thee. [play?

Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at 185
Your eld'ست acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath severed us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pros. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I've inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalked forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan that his issue 205
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis
And Ferdinand her brother found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.
Alon. [to Fer. and Mir.] Give me your hands; 215
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!
Gon. 
Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following.

O, look, sir, look, sir! here's more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight and yare and bravely rigged as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [Aside to Pros.] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pros. [Aside to Ari.] My tricksy spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapped under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her:—on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [Aside to Pros.] Was't well done?
Pros. [Aside to Ari.] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my liege,

Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at picked leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happened accidents; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. [Aside to Ari.] Come hither, spirit:

Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [Exit Ariel.] How fares my gracious
There are yet missing of your company [sir?
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano,
     and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.
Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, and deal in her command without her power.
These three have robbed me; and this demi-devil—
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinched to death.
Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?
Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em? [they
How camest thou in this pickle?
Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw
you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones:
I shall not fear fly-blowing.
Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!
Ste. O, touch me not;—I am not Stephano, but a
cramp.
Pros. You'ld be king o' the isle, sirrah?
Ste. I should have been a sore one, then.
Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I looked on.

[Pointing to Caliban.

Pros. He is as disproportioned in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pros. Go to; away!
Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.
Seb. Or stole it, rather. [Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin. 300

Pros. Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I‘ll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I‘ll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belovèd solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I‘ll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious that shall catch [chick,
Your royal fleet far off. [Aside to Ari.] My Ariel,
This is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.

[Exeunt.
EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o’erthrown,
And what strength I have ’s mine own,
Which is most faint: now, ’tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon’d the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon’d be,
Let your indulgence set me free.
NOTES TO THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Line 2. Dr. Johnson says that cheer is derived from the Spanish cara, countenance, whether gay or sad; and hence it means that which makes the countenance either gay or sad; fortune, good or bad.

3. Good; an adjective, agreeing with 'man,' or 'friend,' understood.

4. Yarely, nimbly, readily. Bestir; a verb active in the imperative mood, governing 'yourselves,' understood.

6. Yare; an adjective, 'ready:' it requires a verb in the imperative mood, 'be,' understood.

7. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, &c. In old pictures the winds are represented by men with puffed cheeks blowing with all their might, an idea derived perhaps from Virgil. The boatswain, then, addresses himself to one of these imaginary persons, and tells him he might blow till he burst his wind, if only there were sea-room enough; for while timid sailors hug the shore, bold ones put out to sea, where there is really less danger.

10. Play the men; 'act courageously, like men.' So in the authorised version of the Bible, 2 Sam. x. 12, Joab says to his soldiers, "Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people."

13. Mar our labour. Gonzalo, an old courtier, is represented throughout the play as being garrulous and meddlesome. He interferes with the sailors, and inflicts a tedious and pedantic homily upon the King when the latter is in no humour for conversation. The boatswain tells him truly that by coming on deck and asking questions he renders the labour of the sailors useless, and adds to the dangers of the storm.
Line 15. Good; an adjective, as before, agreeing with a substantive, understood, such as ‘friend.’

16. When the sea is; ‘patient,’ understood to follow ‘is.’
Cares these roarer. Roarers are the roaring waves, as Breakers are those which break upon the shore. Here a plural noun, roarers, is the nominative case to a singular verb, cares. On this passage the editors of the Cambridge edition have the following note:—“This grammatical inaccuracy, which escaped correction in the later folios, probably came from Shakespeare’s pen. Similar cases occur frequently, especially when the verb precedes its nominative. For example, Tempest, IV. i. 262, ‘Lies at my mercy all mine enemies;’ and Measure for Measure, II. 1. 22, ‘What knows the laws,’ &c. We correct it in those passages where the occurrence of a vulgarism would be likely to annoy the reader. In the mouth of a boatswain it can offend no one. We therefore leave it.” It appears to me that this is not a vulgarism, but a remnant of the old form of the verb, which is declined thus in Anglo-Saxon:—Te luufge, I love; this lufast, thou loveth; se lufath, he loves. Plural, we lufath, we love; ge lufath, ye love; hi lufath, they love. Loves, in the plural, is probably the first change from lufath, as loves, in the third person singular, is from lufath; and I should feel loth to change it to suit the modern usage. This form is continually used by writers of the sixteenth century. For instance, Tusser, a scholar and a thoroughly grammatical writer, born in 1513, in his “Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry,” says:—

By willows that groweth thy hop-yard about.

And again:—

Some rolleth their barley straight after a rain.

19. Good: ‘friend’ or ‘man’ is understood to agree with good.

22. Work the peace of the present; ‘cause peace, a calm, to prevail now;’ an allusion to Gonzalo’s occupation as a diplomatist, whose business it is to prevent war by negotiation. The boatswain means, ‘You, who are so clever in composing differences and concluding peace, use your art now.’

23. Hand; verb, ‘handle.’ More; adverb, comparative of ‘much;’ in this connection it means ‘again.’

26. Hop; verb in the subjunctive mood, governed by ‘if.’ It is the old form of ‘happen.’

28. I have great comfort, &c. Gonzalo says that the boatswain is so villainous-looking and uncivil that he is
THE TEMPEST.

destined to be hanged, not drowned; and this gives Gonzalo reason to hope that the passengers may also escape.

Line 30. *His complexion,* &c. It was supposed that men's destinies were denoted by their complexions or features, and these, in this boatswain, were so bad that they denoted that he would die by the gallows. *Gallows* is here used as an adjective, as when we say 'gold watch,' meaning 'golden watch.' *Stand fast,* &c.; that is, 'O good Fate! let not anything induce you to change the decree that he shall be hanged.'

31. *Make the rope of his destiny,* &c. 'Cause the rope by which he is doomed to be hanged to be the cable which shall draw us safe to shore, for our literal cable does us little good. The only chance we have of escaping drowning is that this man is born to be hanged; for his escape involves ours.'

46. *I'll warrant him for drowning;* 'I'll warrant that he shall not be drowned.' Gonzalo, who is the bore of the play, still harps upon this worn-out topic.

49. *Lay her a-hold,* &c. All these are sea-phrases which it is needless to explain.

52. *What, must our mouths,* &c.; that is, 'Must we not have something to drink which shall warm our mouths?' and then it is supposed that the sailors, as is their custom when all hope is gone, break into the wine and spirit room.

55. *Merely, absolutely.*

56. *This wide-chapped rascal.* Antonio, in his passion, begins a sentence which he does not finish, but changes from the third person to the second.

59. *Glut, swallow, from the Latin glutio:* hence the noun 'glotton.'

65. *The wills above,* &c.; a sort of euphemism for 'the will of God,' used apparently out of reverence, though indeed in the sixteenth century the sacred name was used much more frequently than now.

66. *Fain, adv. 'gladly.'* The adjective *fain* was also in use in Shakespeare's time; as in Psalm lxxi. 21, "My lips will be fain when I sing unto Thee."

ACT I. SCENE II.

1. In the first scene, the dialogue, being carried on chiefly by inferior personages whose sentiments and language were devoid of dignity, was in prose; but Prospero and Miranda speak on subjects of high importance, and their language therefore is in blank verse. But the verse is far looser than
would be deemed correct in a more critical age. A line of English blank verse ought to consist regularly of ten syllables, or five feet of two syllables each, of which the second should be the more strongly accented. These feet correspond, so far as the accent of English can correspond with the prosodical length of Greek and Latin, with the iambus. But the lines have often a redundant unaccented syllable at the end, or are what Greek and Latin grammarians call hypercatalectic. The second line is an example of this, for them is redundant; in the first line the folio reads 'you have,' but I have changed it to 'you've;' the third line is regular; the fourth is irregular, for in the first foot the first syllable is the accented one, and on account of the strong accentuation of the syllable mount, it admits the very slight ones ing and to without any offence to the ear, for which, and not the eye, Shakespeare wrote: mounting to must be read as one foot. As a general rule, it will be found that Shakespeare's verse, like Chaucer's, is tolerant of many redundant unaccented syllables, provided the proper number of accented ones is maintained. It would be endless to notice each case of irregularity as it occurs, but if any very striking example present itself I will endeavour to explain it.

Line 4. Welkin, the sky, from the Anglo-Saxon welen, wealce, or wolcen. See Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary. There seems to be in the expression welkin's cheek a confusion of metaphors: how should the sea dash out the fire of the stinking pitch which the welkin is pouring down, by mounting to the welkin's cheek?

7. Who. Dr. Johnson says in his English Grammar: "Who is now used in relation to persons, and which in relation to things; but they were anciently confounded. At least it was common to see 'the man which,' though I remember no example of 'the thing who.'" This is an example; but perhaps ship being a feminine noun ('some noble creatures in her'), was considered capable of being represented by the pronoun appropriated generally to persons. This sentence has no verb, and is therefore to be regarded as an exclamation; I have therefore placed a note of admiration after it, instead of the full stop of the Cambridge edition.

10. God of power, powerful God; as God of righteousness, just or righteous God.

11. Or ere; 'or ever,' as in Acts xxiii. 15: "And we, or ever he come near, are ready to kill him." It means 'before ever,' contracted 'fore ever,' and then again 'or ever.'

13. Fraughting souls; persons with whom the vessel is
freighted or laden. 'Fraught' is properly the past participle of the verb 'to freight,' but it is changed, by corruption as Johnson says, into a verb of itself.

Line 19. More better, a double comparative, now considered a solecism, but in the sixteenth century used as more emphatic; as in the authorised version of the Bible, 'Most Highest.'

20. Full is here an adverb, qualifying the adjective poor; it means 'very.'

22. Meddle with my thoughts, means 'have to do with, or trouble my thoughts.'

27. The very virtue, means the energetic quality.

28. 'Provision here means forecast.

29. There is no soul, &c. Prospero begins this sentence in one form of construction, and ends in another form. This is a solecism called in rhetoric anacoluthon; but here its effect is good, showing the confusion of thought consequent upon excitement. Had he gone on as he began, he should have said 'There is no soul lost;' but in the vehemence of his assertion he proceeds, 'No, not so much loss as that of even a hair betid' ('happened,' the past participle of 'betide') 'to any creature whom you heard cry, in the vessel which you saw sink.'

35. Bootless inquisition means unavailing inquiry. Bootless is derived from the Anglo-Saxon bót, advantage; 'boot' is common in old English—as when Robin Hood says to his bow, which had broken in his hand,

My bane thou art
My boot when thou sholdest be.

37. Ope, an old form of 'open.' It is strange that this verb should now have the final n of the Saxon infinitive, which had been lost in the sixteenth century, whereas the general tendency of modern English is to drop the final n.

41. Out, all out, fully.

43. Of any thing, &c. The direct order is, 'Tell me the image of anything that hath kept—continued to be associated—with your remembrance.'

46. Warrants, guarantees, avouches.

50. Backward, is here a substantive, meaning the past; as 'vaward' or 'vanward,' the front. Abyss, abyss, from the French abîme (originally written abîme), not the Greek &θυσιος. This is an example of the manner in which the English language acquired proximately through the French, words derived ultimately from Greek and Latin.
NOTES TO

Line 52. Thou mayst; 'remember' is understood after mayst. That is the demonstrative pronoun, referring to, How thou camest here.

53. Year has here a plural signification, like 'sheep,' 'deer,' and other substantives.

55. A prince of power, 'a powerful prince.' See before, "god of power," line 10.

59. Issued; born, descended.

61. Both. The meaning is, 'It was both by foul play that we came here, and it has been blessed to us.'

63. Holp is the past participle of 'help,' but 'holpen' is more usual, as in the Magnificat, "He hath holpen his servant Israel." 'Holp' and 'holpen' are still used in Essex and East Anglia.

64. The teen that I, &c. Teen means sorrow, injury. Miranda says her heart bleeds for the sorrow she has caused her father by making him recall in words the history of their misfortunes by relating it to her.

66. Antonio. Here Prospero breaks off into an exclamation against his brother's ingratitude, and does not resume his narrative till line 77. Thy false uncle, in that line is in apposition with Antonio, and is the nominative case to created in line 81. So that from line 66 to the full stop in line 77 is one parenthesis; and from uncle in line 77 to new created in line 81 is another. Parentheses are generally to be avoided; but here they are very effective, because they show the vehemence of Prospero's feelings. The very mention of Antonio's name constrains him to break off into an exclamation against his brother's perfidy.

70. Manage is put for 'management;' or rather it is a metaphor from horse-breaking, and put for manège.

71. Signories. Italy was until the war of liberation under Victor Emmanuel divided into a number of partly independent dukedoms or signories, which formed a sort of confederacy under a suzerain, as is the case now with Germany. Prospero says that Milan was the first of these, and he himself, as duke, the first in dignity among his brother dukes.

76. To my state grew stranger; 'became a stranger to the affairs of state by never taking part in them.'

77. Rapt; transported, as in an ecstasy, from the obsolete verb, 'to rap,' to seize.

81. Trash; 'to trash' means to weight a hound which is too swift for the rest of the pack; for over-topping, 'in order to hinder him from getting before them.' It was one of the
rules of policy observed by Antonio, to put down such ambitious spirits as he observed to be getting too haughty.

Line 82. Creatures, &c.; that is, 'the persons whose fortunes I had created—those who had been advanced by me.' 'Em; this is not a vulgarism, but a remnant of hem, the old accusative of hi, they.

83. Key; the tuning-key of a lute or other stringed instrument, as is evident from line 85. This is a metaphor from the art of music.

87. On't, for 'of it.' This form is still used by the vulgar. Ivy is said to suck the sap of those trees to which it clings, as Antonio supplanted Prospero.

90. Closeness, here means solitude.

92. O'er-prized all popular rate. Prospero says that his learning, but for the life of retirement which it obliged him to adopt, would have been of more value than the estimation (rate) of the vulgar.

93. My trust, like a good parent, &c. Prospero's trustfulness produced in Antonio a treachery which was as unbounded, though of an opposite quality, as that trustfulness; just as good men are often the parents of wicked children.

97. Sans means 'without,' and is a relic of the Norman French, but is now disused. Lorded, &c., that is, 'made a lord of, not only by my wealth, but by the power by which I might have exacted obedience,'

100. Who having unto truth, &c. The meaning is rather obscure, but it seems to be this: 'Who, by often telling a lie, had made his memory such a sinner against truth (such a liar), that it came to believe the lie he told, and he at last actually thought himself to be the very Duke of Milan.'

104. Face; appearance, show.

109. Absolute Milan; actual sovereign of Milan. Feudal lords always took the title of the territory they governed. In King John, John and Philip call each other 'England' and 'France,' just as the Prince of Wales is now called. by his intimates 'Wales,' or the Earl of Derby, 'Derby.' Absolute does not refer to the manner of his government, as if opposed to 'limited,' but to the reality of his possession. For me, poor man, &c. The original folio reads Me without the For, which I have inserted as necessary to the construction. Lines 109 and 110 are utterly irregular; the rhythm appears to me to run thus:

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Absolute / Milan. | For me, | poor man, | my // | brary
Was duke / dom large | enough | of tem | poral roy // sitte.
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But then there are two redundant syllables at the end of each line; the lines are too long by a foot.

112. Dry; thirsty.

113. Homage; to pay homage, means properly to become the man or vassal of a suzerain, from the Norman-French homme, a man. Hence, in the language of manor-courts, 'the homage of the manor' means the copyhold tenants, or lord's men.

119. But nobly; means 'otherwise than nobly.' Miranda means that she should believe that her father and Antonio were not brothers, were it not that by so doing she should be casting a slur upon her grandmother's reputation.

130. Dead of darkness; 'dead of night' is now the usual expression.

134. Hint, suggestion.

135. Wring my eyes, that is 'makes the tears fall from my eyes, as water from a cloth that is wrung.'

138. Impertinent has here its original meaning, 'not pertaining to the time or business in hand.'

144. In few; 'words' is understood after few. • Aboard, for 'on board,' as 'a-bed' for 'in bed.'

147. Nor tackle, &c.; 'was there,' is understood. The very rats, &c.; rats are said to desert a sinking ship; hence politicians who forsake a losing party are said to 'rat.'

151. Did we but love our wrong; that is; 'were merciful to us.'

152. Shakespeare is said by Ben Jonson to have had but 'small Latin and less Greek;' he had no Hebrew, or he would have known that cherubin is the plural, being a corrupt form of 'cherubim;' 'cherub' is the singular.

155. Decked; a form of 'degged' or 'dagged,' bedewed, a word still in use in East Anglia, and, I believe, other country parts of England. Prospero says that Miranda was like a comforting angel to him when he bedewed the sea with his salt tears.


Stepped; stood us in good stead, helped.

169. Now I arise. [Resumes his mantle.] Prospero, having now informed Miranda of all that it was necessary for her to know, determines to make her sleep by an act of his magic power, and therefore puts on his magic robe again.

170. Now my dear lady; he now calls Fortune his 'dear lady' because she has been propitious to him in placing his enemies in his power.
Line 181. Zenith is the highest point of the visible heavens; and when a man's star was in the zenith it was supposed to be most propitious to him.

186. I know thou canst not choose; 'but sleep' is understood after choose: 'because by my magic art, I have caused this sleep to come on you.'

192. Strong bidding; that is, 'powerful command.'

193. All his quality; that is, 'all those who are of a like nature as his, his kindred spirits.' Or it may mean 'all the qualities or powers which he possesses;' and Pope appears to have so understood it, for he reads 'qualities.'

194. Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee? that is, 'produced in every point a tempest such as I commanded thee?' and Ariel replies, that he has performed it to every article, to every minute direction that Prospero had given him.

196. The beak is the prow of the ship; so called from its supposed resemblance to the beak of a bird: the waist is the middle.

198. I flamed amazement; a very beautiful and poetical expression, meaning 'by appearing in the shape of a flame I struck the beholders with amazement.' I'd is a contraction for 'I would.' The present form is 'I'd.'

207. This coil would not infect his reason? Coil means 'trouble' or 'turbmoil.' Infect his reason means, 'cause his reason to become diseased,' that is, 'drive him mad.'

209. Felt a fever of the mad; this explains the former expression. Ariel says there was none who did not feel such a feeling of the mind as mad people are affected with, and who did not play such tricks as desperate people do.

211. Quit the vessel. Quit is the old contracted form of the preterite tense for 'quitted.' It is still used by the vulgar.

212. Then all afire; 'which vessel appeared to be then all on fire with me (Ariel), because I appeared all over it in the shape of fire.'

213. Then like reeds. Ferdinand was so terrified that his hair stood on end like reeds; an appearance produced by the contraction of the skin consequent on fear.

215. That's my spirit! It is not easy to analyze the construction of this common expression of approval; but it seems to be this, 'that, viz. what you have described or shown yourself to be, is what I should expect to find my Ariel.'

218. Sustaining garments; that is, 'their garments which held them up or sustained them in the water.' 'There is must be supplied to complete the construction.'
Line 219. But fresher than before. This is very elliptical; the sentence complete would be, 'but their garments are fresher than they were before.'

222. Cooling of the air, &c.; a hyperbolical phrase to express the number and vehemence of his sighs. An odd angle means an out-of-the-way corner.

224. In this sad knot. Ariel is here supposed to fold his arms in imitation of Ferdinand, an attitude supposed to denote melancholy, or at least pensiveness. Of the king's ship, &c.: The direct construction is, 'say how thou hast disposed of the mariners of the king's ship.'

228. To fetch dew from the still vexed Bermoothes. Bermuda is called still vexed, because ever agitated by tempests. This island was also supposed to be haunted by demons; hence dew gathered from it was believed to have especial virtue and power.

231. Who, with a charm, &c. Who ought to be whom, in the accusative case, governed by the verb left. Ariel says that the mariners have been lulled to sleep by a charm or incantation of his, and by the fatigue consequent on the labour they have suffered.

234. Flote, wave, from the French flot.

240. At least two glasses; that is, at least two turns of the hour-glass; that is to say, two o'clock.

242. Pains is taken in the sense of the French word peine, trouble, as we say 'take pains,' take trouble.

243. Remember thee. Remember is here an active verb, and signifies 'to remind,' as 'to learn, often means 'to teach.'

249. Without or grudge or grumblings. Or is repeated poetically in each member of the sentence: in prose the former or would be 'either.'

253. This is a defective line, consisting of only two feet or four syllables.

256. When it is baked. The action of extreme cold upon the earth is expressed by the kindred action of extreme heat.

259. Was grown into a hoop! Old age and the mean and malignant passion of envy had made her stoop till she was bent into a circle.

261. Sir, in Argier; the town of Algiers on the Mediterranean shore of Africa, now a colony of France.

263. This damned witch, &c. The direct construction of this sentence is, 'Thou know'st this damned witch Sycorax was banished from Argier for manifold mischiefs and sorceries terrible to enter human hearing;' that is, to be heard by man.

272. And, for. For means here 'because.' Sprites of six,
like Ariel, were reputed to be of finer nature than the spirits which were supposed to haunt the other elements—the earth, the water, and the fire.

Line 282. Litter; a term usually applied to the lower animals, but by Prospero to Sycorax and Caliban in contempt and abhorrence.

284. Yes, Caliban, &c. Ariel contradicts Prospero; he says that the island was honoured with a human shape, namely, Caliban, forgetting that Prospero had just excepted him; and Prospero, being irritated with Ariel, replies, "Dull thing, I say so;" that is, 'I say that Caliban was on the island.'

297. I will be correspondent, &c.; that is, 'I will answer to your commands with obedience.' Shakespeare represents Ariel as a being free from many of the infirmities, but also from the depth and stability, of human nature, somewhat as La Motte Fouqué paints Undine before she has been endowed with a human soul in consequence of her union with a man. Ariel is capricious, ready to rebel at any moment, and only influenced by threats and promises. He takes no interest in the event he brings about, but only a sort of childish pride in the cleverness of his spirit ing.

298. Do my spirit ing. Spirit ing is pronounced as a disyllable 'spirit ing;' 'spirit,' 'sprite,' being in fact the same word. Ariel promises to perform his duties as a spirit without making further objection.

316. Thou tortoise; spoken in condemnation of his sloth, because the tortoise is a slow animal. When? an exclamation of impatience, meaning 'when will you come?'

317. Fine apparition! that is, delicate, elegant spirit. Prospero is delighted with the beautiful shape which Ariel assumes as a water-nymph. Quaint means here pretty, elegant.

318. Hark in thine ear. Prospero sends Ariel to allure Ferdinand to the cave, as is shown by the event.

321. As wicked, &c.; wicked means noxious. Dew was supposed to possess magical virtue. (See ante, line 228.)

323. A south-west; 'wind' is understood for the adjective south-west to qualify. It is impossible to say where Prospero's island is supposed to have been, and therefore whether Shakespeare was right or not in representing the south-west wind as being noxious; for, as a general rule, winds that blow across oceans are thereby purified. In Europe it is a hot and moist, and therefore so far an unhealthy wind.

326. Urchins are hedgehogs. Prospero threatens Caliban that hedgehogs shall run over him and prick him with their...
spines during the vast, that is, the waste and desolate, time of
night during which they go abroad. Hedgehogs seem to
have been in some way connected with witchcraft, for one of
the witches in Macbeth cries out, "And once the hedgepig
whined;" so also are rats and cats, bats, owls, and in fact all
animals that are active at night, probably because when seen
for a moment flitting by or prowling in the twilight or moon-
light they have a certain mysterious appearance which affects
the imagination.

Line 341. For I am all the subjects that you have; that is, 'I
alone stand in the place of subjects to you.'

342. Which first was; 'who before that was not subject to
any one.' The antecedent to which is -I in the preceding line.
Sty; that is, 'make me live in a sty like a pig.' There is
something pathetic in Caliban's complaint, and even sublime
in the simplicity of his language. How fine is the expression,
"How to name the bigger light and how the less, that burn
by day and night;" and were it not for Prospero's answer
and Caliban's brutal exultation in his attempted crime, all our
sympathies would be in his favour.

355. When thou didst not, &c. To say that Caliban did
not know his own meaning because he could not express it,
sounds a blunder; but perhaps it is only 'a lusty hyperbole,'
as Barrow says. And indeed so intimately is thought con-
ected with words, that it might even be strictly said that
persons who do not understand the construction of language
can scarcely know their own meaning. The reason that a
critical and accurate knowledge of language is a valuable
means of educating the mind, is that it is essential to clearness
and accuracy of thought. This accurate knowledge of lan-
guage is perhaps best attained by learning Latin and Greek;
but it may also be acquired by the critical study of a great
English writer like Shakespeare.

357. I endowed thy purposes, &c.; that is, 'by teaching you
language I gave you the power of making known to others
by words what you meant.' Thy vile race: race means here
innate qualities inherited from parents.

359. Good natures; persons of noble nature.

364. The red plague is erysipelas, so called because it is
known by the redness of the skin, which is caused by it.
Rid means to destroy.

365. For learning; that is, for teaching. 'To learn' is still
used in this active sense by the vulgar. Hag-seed; that is, seed
or child of a hag or witch. So Christ is called in Scripture
'the seed of Abraham,' that is, the descendant of Abraham.
Line 366. Thou’rt best; thou’rt is a contraction for ‘thou wert,’ an idiomatic expression now disused; our idiom is ‘you had better.’

367. Malice; that is, ‘malicious creature.’ The abstract is put for the concrete, a common figure of speech; as when we say ‘the nobility,’ meaning ‘noble persons.’ In this case it is used to intensify the meaning, as when Prince Henry calls Falstaff ‘thou vanity in years.’

369. Old cramps; that is, cramps such as old people are affected with.

370. Achès; this word is usually pronounced as a monosyllable: here the metre requires it to be pronounced as it is written, a disyllable.

371. That beasts. This is a poetical construction; in prose, the word ‘so’ would be required before that.

373. Setebos is a name given by mediæval writers to some god of the heathen, and therefore by Christians supposed to be a demon. This supposition was doubtless founded upon the sentence of St. Paul: “The things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God: and I would not that ye should have fellowship with devils.” Thus Milton names the several devils subject to Lucifer after the gods of Greece and Rome, of Syria and Egypt.

375. Come unto these yellow sands. This beautiful and fanciful song appears to have no special application to Ferdinand’s circumstances.

377. Courtsied, &c. It was customary for partners in a dance to curtsey and kiss each other before beginning. Thus in Henry VIII., Henry says to Anne Bullen, “I were un-mannerly to take you out, and not to kiss you.”

378. The wild waves whist. This is what is called a nominative case absolute. It is a parenthetic member of the sentence, not depending upon any other, and meaning ‘the wild waves being whist;’ whist is the same as ‘husht.’ A form of the word is still used by the vulgar in Ireland, who say ‘whist,’ meaning ‘be silent.’ Whist, the game at cards, is said to be so called because those who play it must be hushed or silent. So Lord Surrey translates “Conticuere omnes,” the words with which Book II. of the Aeneid begins, “they whisted all.”

379. Featly means nimbly, an adverb, from the adjective ‘feat,’ which is derived from the French, faut, ready, skilful.

380. Burthen means properly the bourdon or bass; and as the bass voices generally took up the chorus with which
each verse ended, 'burden' or 'burthen' came at length to mean that chorus or ending itself. "Down, down, hey derry down," is one of these old burthens; and in this place Ariel sings the first part of the song, and the chorus of spirits all join in with "Hark, bark!" and so on to the end.

Line 391. Again in this place may mean 'against,' that is, 'over against' or 'near;' and Ferdinand may be supposed to have sat on a bank near where his father's ship had gone down; or it may mean that he had again begun, after having for a time left off to weep.

399. Those are pearls, &c. The direct construction is, 'those ['things' understood] that were his eyes are pearls.' Before nothing, in the next line, we must understand 'there is.'

401. A sea-change; a change or metamorphosis into some marine substance.

406. The ditty, &c. Ditty means 'a song,' from the French dire, to say or recite. Remember means here, I think, 'call to remembrance;' as 'learn' was often used to mean 'teach.'

407. Nor no. This is a double negative, which does not, in English, 'make an affirmative,' as stupid grammarians affirm, but is intensifies the negative, as in the truly philosophical language of the Greeks. In old English, as in French, a double negative was almost invariably used. For instance, in the Prologue to Chaucer's Canterbury Tales it is said of the Knight:

He never yet no villainy he said
In all his life.

408. Owes is an old form for 'owns.' Ferdinand says that the sound proceeds from spirits, and not from any creature belonging to earth.

409. Fringed curtains; a beautiful metaphor, meaning the eyelids fringed with eyelashes, which shut out the light from the eye as curtains do from a room.

410. Yond or 'yon' means properly 'at a distance,' and the modern form 'yonder' is the comparative degree, meaning 'at a greater distance' than something else.

412. It carries, &c.; that is, 'it bears a noble shape.' In rare is often applied to the outward appearance in the sense of noble, well dressed; and the noun 'bravery' formed from it, in Elizabethan English generally, if not always, means finery. But 'tis a spirit: Miranda has never seen a man, except her father Prospero; and being accustomed to see the spirits whom her father employs assume many differ-
ent shapes, she supposes at first that Ferdinand must be one of them.

415. Stained means disfigured; so in Sonnet 33, "Suns of the earth may stain when heaven's sun staineth."

416. Beauty's canker; that which makes beauty fade, as the caterpillar or canker makes the rosebud wither.

418. Find 'em. See before, note on line 82.

420. It goes on, &c.; that is, 'the charm works, and Miranda falls in love with Ferdinand, as my mind or intention directs it.' This was part of the task assigned to Ariel; and, pleased with his obedience and success, Prospero breaks out in commendation of him, and promises mentally to free him within two days.

422. Most sure, &c. Ferdinand now sees Miranda, and exclaims ('Thou art) most sure (surely) the goddess on whom these airs (tunes) attend.'

423. Vouchsafe, &c. This verb in old English was 'to vouchen safe,' and was declined 'I vouche safe,' 'thou vouchest safe,' and so on.

426. Bear me means 'conduct myself.' Prime means first or chief. Request means here 'question.'

428. Maid. It has been supposed that Shakespeare meant a play upon this word, as if Ferdinand asked whether Miranda were a goddess, or 'made,' (created); and that Miranda understood him to ask whether she were married or not. She disclaims the compliment implied in calling her a 'wonder,' but says that she is certainly unmarried.

430. I am the best, &c. Ferdinand is astonished to hear Miranda speak in his language, which we must suppose to be Italian, and exclaims that he is the best, that is, the highest personage, the king, of those who speak it, if he were in his own country, because he supposes his father to have been drowned, and that he therefore has by right succeeded to the throne of Naples.

433. A single thing; a thing left alone, because he believed all his companions to be dead. In his despondency he calls himself a thing.

435. And that he does; that is, 'And because he being dead hears me, I weep; and therefore he adds, '(I) myself am Naples, (that is, King of Naples,) 'since my father is drowned.'

436. Never since at ebb, ever since flowing.

438. The Duke of Milan, &c. Ferdinand has called the usurper Antonio, Duke of Milan; and Prospero answers, aside: 'The (true) Duke of Milan (that is himself) and his more braver (nobler, because the daughter of the true duke) daughter could control (confute, contradict) thee.'
Line 442. Changed eyes means ‘exchanged loving looks.’ A word, that is to say, ‘I want to have a word—some conversation—with you.’

444. Some wrong; ‘some injustice’ in making yourself out to be the King of Naples.

447. Pity move, &c. ‘May’ must be understood before pity.

448. To be inclined, &c.; that is, ‘to be so inclined towards Ferdinand as I am.’ O, if a virgin; that is, ‘if you be a virgin.’

451. They are both, &c.; that is, ‘each of them is in love with the other,’ because love gives the person beloved power over the affections of him or her who loves. But this swift business, &c. The direct construction is, ‘but I must make this swift business uneasy,’ that is, ‘I must interpose some obstacle to this hurried wooing, lest the prize so easily won should be afterwards despised.’

455. The name thou owest not. Owest is the old form of ‘ownest.’

457. The lord on’t. On’t is a contraction for ‘of it,’ and is still used by the vulgar.

458. There’s nothing ill, &c. Miranda says, ‘no evil spirit could dwell in a temple so fair as Ferdinand’s person.’ Thus St. Paul tells the Corinthians that they are the temple of the Holy Ghost. She goes on to say, that even if the evil spirit should have so beautiful a house, good ones would try to take up their abode with it.

461. I’ll manacle, &c. ‘To manacle’ is properly to bind the hands, from the Latin manus, a hand; but here it is used generally to signify ‘to bind.’

469. He’s gentle, &c.; that is, ‘he is well born, and therefore not cowardly.’

470. My foot, &c.: ‘Shall my foot be my tutor?’ that is, ‘shall the meanest part of my body challenge preeminence?’ ‘Shall Ferdinand presume to dictate to me?’

472. Come from thy ward; that is, ‘Cease to hold your sword in a guarding position, as if you were about to fight.’

479. There is, &c. Here shapes, a plural noun, is the nominative case to the singular verb is.

481. To the most, &c.; that is, ‘compared with the greater number of men, this is as deformed as Caliban is in comparison with him.’

Act II. Scene I.

In this scene, Gonzalo, the honest old councillor, and Adrian and Francisco, two courtiers, try to comfort Alonso, King of Naples, for the loss of his son and the ship; while
Sebastian the king's brother, and Antonio the usurping Duke of Milan, turn them into ridicule, and the king himself rejects their vain comfort. No poet of genius inferior to Shakespeare's would have ventured to introduce so comic a scene in circumstances so tragical. It is indeed true to life, but it would not have occurred to any one who had not observed the apparent inconsistency of human nature. Men of noble disposition and high birth and breeding can be cheerful and even witty under misfortunes which would bow inferior natures to the earth: as, for instance, Caesar among the Cilician pirates, Sir Thomas More on the scaffold, and Lord Balmerinoch in the Tower; but to make unfeeling jests upon better men, while it argues perhaps the daring spirit which is fostered by high rank, is the part of the reckless and wicked, such as were Sebastian, who soon after plots to murder his brother, and Antonio, who had abused his brother Prospero's confidence to dethrone him.

Line 1. *Beseech you;* 'I' must be understood to be the nominative case to *beseech;* as in the idiomatic expression, 'Pray do so and so,' we mean 'I pray you to do so and so.'

2. *For our escape,* &c. 'For our reason for joy at our escape is greater than our reason for sorrow at our loss.'

3. *Hint of woe,* &c.; 'the cause which suggests our woe is of common occurrence.'

5. *Merchant,* that is, merchant ship. *And the merchant,* that is, the merchant who owns the ship.

6. *Theme,* subject, from the Greek θῆμα, a subject assigned to write or speak upon; hence, a subject generally.

8. *Weigh our sorrows,* compare the cause of our sorrow, i.e. the loss of the king's son and the ship, with the cause of our comfort, i.e. our own escape from the perils of the sea.

9. *Prithee;* this is a contraction for 'I pray thee.' *Peace,* an idiomatic and elliptical expression meaning 'hold your peace.' *Peace,* from meaning rest or quiet, comes also to mean silence; and 'hold your peace' signifies 'maintain or keep your silence.'

11. *The visitor;* that is, 'he who comforts.' So the verb ἐπισκέπτομαι, to inspect for the purpose of relieving, is translated in the authorised version of the New Testament, 'to visit.' See Matt. xxv. 36.

12. *Look,* &c. Sebastian comically compares Gonzalo's evident laborious searching for some topic of consolation to the winding up of a watch or clock, which will then strike; and when Gonzalo begins his set speech, by saying, "Sir," he
pretends to count the strokes, beginning "one," and saying to Antonio, "Tell," that is, 'count.'

Line 16. When every grief is entertained; that is, 'when every grief that is offered or presents itself is admitted, then to the entertainer, he who admits the grief, comes.' At this point Sebastian, taking advantage of the equivocal meaning of entertain and entertainer, and pretending to suppose that Gonzalo means by entertainer an innkeeper, interrupts him by saying, "A dollar." Gonzalo replies by punning upon the word dollar, which has the same sound as 'dolour,' grief.

20. Truer is an adjective in the comparative degree, and should therefore be used to qualify a substantive; but as it is intended here to qualify the verb have spoken, it ought to have been the adverb 'more truly:' wiser, in Sebastian's reply, is an obsolete form, but it is more correct.

25. I prithee, spare. Alonzo is wearied by such well meant but unprofitable comfort as Gonzalo is pouring into his ears.

28, 29. Sebastian and Antonio make a mock bet which of the two—Gonzalo, whom they in derision call "the old cock," or Adrian, whom they call the "cockerel" or young cock—shall speak first; and as Adrian speaks first, Antonio wins the wager, or thing wagered or laid to pawn, which is "a laughter," and Sebastian pays by crying "Ha, ha, ha!"

42. Temperance. Adrian means 'temperature,' 'climate;' but Antonio, bent on mistaking his words, pretends to think he means the name of the theological virtue which was often given at baptism to girls, or, as Antonio derisively says, "wenches," which is derived from the Anglo-Saxon wencl, a maid.

52. Lush. Johnson and Sir Thomas Hanmer interpret this word "Of a dark full colour, the opposite to pale and faint;" but Steevens and Malone cite several passages from old English writers to show that it means juicy or succulent. Thus, in Golding's translation of Ovid, which was published in 1587, the following lines are thus rendered:—

Quid? non in species succedere quatuor annum
Aspicis, et statis per gentem imitantia nostrae?
Nam tener et lactes, puellae simulimus amav.
Vere novo est. Tunc herba recens et roboris expers.
Turget et insolda est, et spe delectat agrestem. Metam. vi.

What? seest thou not how that the year, as representing plaine
The age of man, departes himself in quarters four: first baine
And tender in the spring it is, even like a sucking babe,
Then greene and void of strength, and lushe and foggy is the blade,
And cheers the husbandman with hope.
Lushe here is the translation of turget. The same writer in his translation of Julius Solinus speaks of shrubs as being “lushe and almost like a gristle.”

Line 54. With an eye, &c.; this means ‘shotten with green,’ as appears from the following passages in which it occurs: “Red with an eye of green makes a purple.”—Boyle. “Some cole-black, all eye of purple being put out there-in.”—Fuller’s Church History, cent. xvii. book xi. “Cloth of silver tissued with an eye of green.”—Sandy’s Travels, book i.

75. Widow Dido; this is a very ridiculous expression, and Adrian takes immediate advantage of it: but Dido was indeed the widow of Sichæus king of Tyre; and, as Sebastian says, Æneas was a widower, having lost his wife Creusa in his flight from Troy.

83. Tunis is a city on the northern coast of Africa opposite to Sicily, near the supposed site of ancient Carthage.

85. Miraculous harp; the harp of Amphion, by the sound of which he built the walls of Thebes in Boeotia.

99. Bate, I beseech you, &c.; bate means ‘except.’

105. You cram, &c. Stomach means ‘appetite;’ sense means ‘feeling;’ the meaning of the whole sentence therefore is, ‘You cram these words into my ears, though they are as distasteful to my feelings as food eaten without an appetite.’

108. My rate, that is, ‘my judgment;’ rate is derived from the Latin ratio.

119. His wave-worn, &c. His refers to shore. The original form of the pronoun it was hit, and the genitive case his. Francisco says, that as the wave ebbed the shore seemed to bow down and stoop over its basis worn by the waves, that it might receive Ferdinand without hurting him. This very accurately portrays the appearance presented by the flowing and ebbing waves.

122. Sir, you may thank, &c. This unfeeling taunt is quite in accordance with the character of Sebastian, who afterwards turns out to be an unnatural traitor.

126. Who hath cause, &c. This sentence is obscure. I think eye is the antecedent to who, and that Sebastian means to say that Alonzo’s eye has just cause to wet with tears the grief—that is, the misfortune of it—of the marriage, the matter under discussion.

127. Otherwise, that is, ‘to do otherwise;’ not to marry your daughter to an African prince.

128. And the fair soul, &c. The meaning of this passage appears to be, ‘and the fair soul—Claribel—herself weighed.
her loathness to consent and her obedience to you, so that it was doubtful which end of the beam would sink. Should ought properly to be written sh'ould, a contraction for 'she would.'

Line 134. So is the dearest, &c.; that is, 'if the fault is mine, the loss of what is dearest—most valuable—is also mine.'

138. Very well. Sebastian seems to mean by this ejaculation, 'I have said what I think, and you may make the best of it.' Antonio, still scoffing at Gonzalo, pretends to understand it as if Sebastian said that he had applied the plaster very well; and adds, and most chirurgenonly, 'in a most surgeon-like manner.'

140. It is foul weather, &c. Gonzalo good-naturedly continues his endeavours to console the king, to whom he says, that when he, the king, is clouded by sorrow, the weather is foul for all the rest.

142. Had I plantation, &c.; that is, 'were I about to colonise this isle.' The colonies were called 'plantations,' by a metaphor from the planting of a tree. The band of adventurers were considered as a slip or scion which was planted in a distant land, and grew to be itself a tree like that from which it was taken.

146. I the commonwealth, &c. This passage is taken from a translation of Montaigne's Essays by Florio, published in 1603. The original runs thus: "C'est une nation, diroy ie a Platon, en laquelle il n'y a aucune espece de trafique, nulle connoissance de lettres, nulle science de nombres, nul nom de magistrat ni de superiorité politque, nul usage de service, de richesse ou de pauvreté, nuls contracts, nulles successions, nuls partages, nulles occupations qu'oyssive, nul respect de parenté que commun, nuls vestements, nulle agriculture, nul metal, nul usage de vin ou de bled; les paroles mesmes qui signifient le mensonge, la trahison, la dissimulation, l'avarice, l'envie, la detruction, le pardon, inoyues."—Essais, livre i. chap. xxx. "It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kind of traficke, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate nor of politic superioritie; no use of service, of riches, or of povertie, no contracts, no succession, no partitions, no occupation, but idle; no respect of kindred but common, no apparel but natural; no use of wine, corne, or metal. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulations, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard amongst them."

Gonzalo's reason for this long discourse is to occupy the king's attention, and prevent his mind from dwelling on his misfortune; but he afterwards says he did it to minister occasion of
laughter to Sebastian and Antonio: the two objects are not contradictory.

Line 178. What a blow, &c. This is said ironically; Antonio means the very reverse of what he says, viz. that Gonzalo’s repartee has not touched him.

180. Mettle. The folio reads metal; and indeed mettle is only a corruption of metal, but it is now appropriated to the figurative sense of the word, and means spirit, as we say ‘a high-mettled horse.’

181. You would lift, &c. That is, ‘you are so clever that you would work impossibilities.’

183. And then go, &c. Sebastian affects to understand Gonzalo literally, and says that, having got the moon, they would use it like a lantern to catch bats with.

190. It is to be understood that the sudden drowsiness with which the king and lords are affected is brought on by Ariel’s soothing music. Alonzo says he wishes that his eyes in shutting themselves would also shut up his thoughts, which run upon the loss of his son.

192. Heavy offer. A poetical expression. Sleep offers itself, as it were, by inducing a certain heaviness of the spirits and of the eyelids, to which if we yield, we sleep.

200. Myself disposed, &c. This line is an example of the extreme laxity of Shakespeare’s metrical system. Blank verse should consist of ten feet; this consists of eleven, and a hypercatalectic or redundant syllable.

202. What might. This is a figure of rhetoric called apsiopeis, and is defined by Smith in his ‘Rhetoric’ to be ‘a form of speech by which the speaker, through some affection, as sorrow, anger, fear, bashfulness, or vehemency, breaks off his speech before it be all ended.’ Antonio is unwilling to say all he intends, but having begun the sentence, breaks off in the middle, and leaves Sebastian to guess the rest. The event shows that the sentence might be completed somehow thus: ‘What might be the power and honour destined for thee, if thy brother, king Alonzo, were dead!’

205. The occasion, &c.; that is, ‘the opportunity which now occurs shows what you are intended for; that is, to be a king.’

218. If heed me. ‘You’ is understood to be the nominative case to heed.

219. Trebles thee o’er; ‘makes three times the man of you that you are now.’ The expression occurs in the Merchant of Venice:

Yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself.
Well, I am standing water. The meaning seems to be, ‘I am stagnant, slow of understanding and action;’ for Antonio follows up the metaphor by saying he will teach Sebastian how “to flow,” and Sebastian rejoins that his natural or hereditary slothfulness teaches him rather “to ebb.”

Line 221. O, if you but knew, &c. The meaning is, ‘If you could only understand how by the metaphor which you have scornfully used, you but add further reasons for doing as I propose—how by laying it bare you but clothe it with greater reasonableness! Do you not see that slothful and irresolute—or, according to your metaphor, ebbing—men run near the bottom—never rise? Therefore,’ Antonio would conclude, ‘unless you want always to be at the bottom, you must not be slothful and irresolute.’

228. And a birth, &c. Sebastian compares Antonio’s reluctance and difficulty in divulging his purpose to the throes of a woman in childbirth.

230. Although this lord, &c. The meaning is, ‘Although this lord, Gonzalo, who through old age has lost his faculty of remembering, and who when he is buried will be as little remembered as he now remembers, has here almost persuaded us—for as a courtier he is the very spirit of persuasion itself, his profession is to persuade—that Ferdinand the king’s son is not drowned; yet it is as impossible that he should have escaped as that he who sleeps here is swimming.’ Johnson says he can “draw no sense from the present reading” of “this entangled sentence;” but it seems to me to be plain. It is to be observed that Antonio speaks “entangled sentences” from a certain natural reluctance to declare plainly the crime he wishes to persuade Sebastian to commit.

237. O, out of that, &c.; that is, ‘The very fact that you have no hope that Ferdinand has escaped, when viewed in another light, gives you so high a hope, that the eye of ambition can pierce no farther, and everything beyond seems faint and indistinct.’ The ‘hope’ is that of being king, the highest possible point of ambition.

241. But doubt discovery, &c.; that is, ‘must be uncertain of discovering or discerning anything there; the prospect is so beyond the reach of human sight.

245. Ten leagues, &c.; that is, ‘ten leagues beyond the point which a man could reach in his lifetime.’

246. Note means notice or information.

248. She from whom, &c. The first folio reads ‘she that from whom;’ but as the that spoils both the sense and the metre, I omit it.
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Line 249. Cast means vomited up; the metaphor is carried on from "swallowed."

250. Destiny. On this word Dr. Johnson excellently observes, "It is a common plea of wickedness to call temptation destiny."

252. In yours, &c. The meaning is, 'what is to come is in the power of your and my action to bring it to a satisfactory ending.' Antonio becomes more and more obscure and involved as he draws nearer to the utterance of his design.

264. A chough, &c. The meaning is, 'I myself could teach a chough to talk as deeply as this Gonzalo.' "Chat" is used in contempt. The chough is properly the red-legged crow which abounds in the cliffs of the Land's End; but the name may possibly be used also for the caddow or jackdaw.

267. And how, &c.; that is, 'how does your favourable judgment esteem or think of (tender) the good fortune which places the succession to the crown of Naples in your power?'

271. Feater. Grammar would have here required 'feathier,' the adverb, because feater qualifies the verb 'sit,' understood. Feater is the comparative degree of the adjective 'feat,' from the French fait or bien fait, and means 'neater.'

272. Fellows, that is, companions or mates. Men means servants, a term derived from feudal law, according to which the vassal was called 'the man' of his feudal superior. Hence in the manor courts even at the present day the copyhold tenants are called the 'homage,' from the French homme, a man; and a feudal inferior is said to 'do homage' to his superior, that is, to acknowledge himself his 'man.'

As an illustration, I may refer to a note to Chaucer's 'Court of Love,' which I wrote some years ago: "'A sovereign prince would often do homage to, and acknowledge himself the man of, another prince, for some particular country or district. . . Thus in the Généalogie des Comtes de Boulogne, published by M. Francisque Michel, the Count Hernikins becomes the homme, man, or vassal, of Count Baldwin of Flanders, in respect of the district of Merc. 'Si avint si entre l'oncele et le neveu que il fit un amaisance de pais, en tel maniere que li quens Hernikins devint hom le Comte Bauduin de Flandres, sen oncele, de le tere de Merc, sans plus.'"

273. For your conscience. Sebastian asks, as we should say, 'How about your conscience?'

274. Kibe. Antonio means that conscience galls him less than a kibe—an ulcerated chilblain on the heel—which would
at least oblige him to wear a slipper instead of his boot whereas he does not even feel anything of conscience, which he calls in derisive irony "this deity in my bosom."

Line 277. *Candid.* This epithet applied to conscience find a parallel in Chaucer's description of the "Poor Parson of Town" in the Canterbury Tales:—

He waited after no pomp ne reverence,  
Ne made him a spiced conscience.

Upon which I observed in a note on the passage, "It may signify that his conscience was not sophisticated by the subtleties of casuistry, compared to far-fetched spices, but guided by the plain words of Scripture." So here, I think, Antonio means, 'If twenty consciences stood between me and the dukedom of Milan, let them be candied'—that is, sophisticated; then the word suggests another metaphor, and he continues—'and melt away.' A spiced or candied conscience in short, means what we should call a 'nice conscience'—conscience which can justify anything by subtle distinctions—which, like that of Pharisees ancient and modern, strains a gnat and swallows a camel.

280. *He's like.* He is said to be like one dead, because he is asleep. Perhaps it would be better to omit "that's dead altogether, as a mere marginal gloss, and take "whom I tro." the following line, thus:—

If he were that which now he's like; whom I  
With this obedient steel, three inches of it.

284. *This ancient morsel.* Bishop Warburton suggests 'moral' for morsel. The sense would be good, but there is no authority for it. The direct order of the sentence is 'While you, doing thus'—that is, the same thing as I—'might put to the perpetual wink for aye'—that is, might close in a perpetual sleep for ever the eyes of—'this ancient morsel.' By ancient morsel Antonio means Gonzalo, the old courtier, whom he thus designates in contempt.

286. *They'll take suggestion;* that is, 'they will receive any hint of villany as readily as a cat.' &c.

287. *They'll tell the clock;* &c. 'They will aid and abet in any business that we assert to be suitable to the times.'

290. *One stroke,* &c. Sebastian promises that the one stroke of his sword which shall kill the king shall free Antonio from the tribute which, as Duke of Milan, he hitherto paid to the crown of Naples.
Line 294. *To fall it;* this is a verb active, meaning 'to let fall or drop.'

295. *My master, &c.* This sentence is obscure, and appears to be corrupt. If, with Dr. Johnson, we were to read 'these' instead of 'you,' the meaning would be plainer; or, still better, if instead of 'project' we read 'projects.' Then indeed there would be a plural nominative case to a verb which is in the present singular form: but on this point see *ante*, note on act i. sc. i. l. 16. This appears to me to be the better reading; and if we adopt it, we must understand 'you' to mean Gonzalo; and to 'keep them living' is only a following up of the metaphor by which 'projects' are said to 'die' when they fail and come to nothing.

306. *Why are you drawn?* that is, 'Why have you drawn your swords?' The king is astonished on awaking to see Sebastian and Antonio standing with their swords drawn in their hands. At a time when every gentleman wore a sword, and duels and broils were frequent, this idiomatic and elliptical expression would easily be introduced. Another instance may be found in Romeo and Juliet: "What, art *thou drawn* among these heartless hinds?"

319. *That's verily.* Some commentators change *verily* into 'verity;' but, I think, unnecessarily. The meaning is, 'Of that it may be said verily.' Something of the same kind is the expression used in the English authorised version of the Bible; so and so is "yea and amen."

**Act II. Scene II.**

1. *Infections, that is, infectious diseases.*

3. *By inch-meal a disease.* By *inch-meal* means 'by portions measuring an inch,' from 'inch' and 'meal,' a portion, from the Anglo-Saxon *mael.* Caliban prays that Prospero may be so infected that he may become gradually, and so the more painfully, not only diseased, but a disease itself. *His spirits,* that is, 'the spirits or fairies who do his bidding.'

4. *Necessity* is an adverb, spelt in old English *nedes,* meaning 'necessarily.'

5. *Urchin-shows,* apparitions of hedgehogs. The hedgehog, like other animals which are seen in twilight and moonlight darting through the woods, conveyed to superstitious mind the idea of something weird and supernatural, or, as the Scots say, 'uncanny.'

6. *Like a fire-brand.* This refers to the spirits, and means 'in the shape of a firebrand.'
Line 9. *That mow.* *Mow* means to make mows or wry faces, and is derived from the noun *mow,* a distorted face. Thus in Psalm xxxv. 15, "The very abjects came together against me unawares, making *mowes* at me, and ceased not." The printers have ignorantly, in late editions of the Book of Common Prayer, changed the word into *mouths,* which is nonsense. *Mowe* is derived from the French *moue,* a pouting face.

11. *Barefoot way:* a very poetical expression, meaning the way which he is walking barefooted in. *Pricks* means the spines with which the hedgehog is covered.

13. *All wound.* I should have thought that this meant "all wounded," for verbs ending in *d* and *t* in old English often omit the *ed* in the participial form; but Dr. Johnson thinks *wound* is the participle of the verb "to wind," and that Caliban means to say that his body is all-enwrapped with adders.

21. *Bombard* means properly a mortar used for throwing bombs or shells; then a barrel, from the similarity of the shape; and then a corpulent and drunken man, as in Henry IV, Prince Henry calls Falstaff "that huge bombard of sack;" and in this sense I think Trinculo uses it here.

25. *A fish,* &c. Steevens conjectures that this ludicrous passage might have been suggested by one in Chapman's translation of the Odyssey. The nymph Eidothea is describing to Menelaus her visit to Proteus:—

The sea-calf's savour was
So passing sour, they still being bred at seas,
It much afflicted us; for who can please
To lie by one of these same sea-bred whales?

The original is:—

τείρε γάρ αἰνίης
φυκάων ἀλογρεφέων ὁλοκτενερ δολιά τις γάρ κ' εναλίῳ παρὰ κήπει κοιμθείη;
Οδυσσειάς 5, 441.

31. *Monster make a man.* Observe the antithesis here. *Make* means 'make the fortune of.'

33. *Doit* is a small piece of money, a Dutch coin.

35. *Fins like arms.* Observe the absurdity of Trinculo; he first concludes from very insufficient data that Caliban is a fish, and then when he sees his arms he does not reject his former opinion at once, but says the fins are like arms.

36. *Let loose my opinion,* that is, 'dismiss that opinion.'

40. *Gaberdine* means the smockfrock. The word as well as the thing is still used by the peasants of Essex, and I believe Kent, and perhaps other parts of England. Shylock calls his *long robe* his gaberdine.
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Line 46. Scurvy means, primarily, scabby; secondarily, vile.  
60. Men of Ind. In the Middle Ages all savages were called Indians, America being unknown; and in Shakespeare's time the use continued though the reason for it had ceased. So we now call the aborigines of America, American Indians. Columbus thought when he first discovered America that he had reached the western coast of India, and therefore called it the West Indies.

62. Afeard is now only used by illiterate people, but it is not incorrect. To be afeard is to be affected with fear, as to be affrighted is to be affected with fright. Stephano sees Trinculo's as well as Caliban's legs appearing from under the latter's gaberdine, and therefore thinks that the monster has four legs.

69. Our language. Caliban is supposed to speak Italian, 'having been taught the use of language by Prospero, Duke of Milan.

72. That ever trod, &c., a figure of speech for 'ever lived.'

77. Wisest, an adjective, requiring a substantive; and we may understand 'fashions' or 'manners.' If he have never, &c. Stephano argues that if he has not drunk before, its effect upon him will be all the more potent. It is to be observed that Shakespeare, properly, always uses the subjunctive mood with the conjunctions 'if,' 'that,' &c.

80. I will not take too much, &c.; spoken ironically. Too much means a very large price.

83. Thy trembling. Caliban feels Trinculo trembling from cold or fear.

86. Here is that, &c. An allusion to an old proverbial expression, found in the excellent song of the time of James I, describing an old courtier of the time of Queen Elizabeth:—

With an old fashion, when Christmas was gone,  
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum;  
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,  
And old liquor enough to make a cat speak and a man dumb.

90. It should be. This breaking off is the figure of rhetoric called apophasis. See ante, note to line 202, act ii. sc. i.

98. Come:—Amen. After Stephano has said Come, Caliban is supposed to drink; and when he has taken a long draught, Stephano ludicrously cries Amen to it.

103. I have no long spoon. This is an application of the common proverb, "He must have a long spoon that eats with the devil." There are frequent allusions to it in the old poets. For instance, in Chaucer's Squire's Tale:—
Therefore behoveth him a full long spoon
That shall eate with a fiend.

Line 109. Very is here an adjective, and means real, true, as in the Nicene Creed, "very God of very God."

110. Siege means stool. Moon-calf is a shapeless and inanimate monster, not born according to the course of nature.

119. Prithee, &c. We must suppose that Trinculo, in his delight at seeing Stephano again, is turning him about to have a good look at him.

121. An if. An is a contraction of 'and,' but seems to add no particular force to the if.

142. Out o' the moon, &c. All this dialogue, though coarse, is extremely humorous. Stephano is a real wit; he does not for a moment hesitate to humour the joke of the moon-calf's thinking he came down from heaven.

143. When time was, that is, 'once upon a time.'

172. Crabs, that is, apples.

177. Scamels ought, I think, to be 'seamels,' an older form of 'seamews;' for l is commonly changed into u or v; as the old French bel into beau, nouvel into nouveau. The word must at any rate denote a bird, and not a fish, because fish is the better of being full grown; whereas young sea-birds would be tenderer than old, not so strong tasting, and moreover easily taken.

180. We will inherit here. Stephano already assumes the first person plural to denote that he is king.

191. Hey-day, a corruption of 'high day,' is an exclamation of frolic and exultation. The character of Caliban is one of the most wonderful of Shakespeare's conceptions. At first his simplicity, his good sense compared with the folly of Stephano and Trinculo, and the wrongs which he apparently suffered at the hands of Prospero, excite our sympathy. There is too a poetical force in his language and an appreciation of natural beauty, which sometimes rises to the sublime. His cruelty and readiness to abet Stephano and Trinculo in murdering Prospero might be almost excused in consideration of the provocations he receives. But when we hear from Prospero of his attempted crime, and when he himself exults in the thought of it, the whole extent of his brutality appears, and we see indeed that his "vile race has that in't which good natures could not abide to be with."

ACT III. SCENE I.

1. And their labour, &c. The direct construction of this sentence is, 'And delight in them sets off their labour.'
Perhaps Shakespeare was thinking of the laborious nights which he spent in shooting Sir Thomas Lucy's deer at Charlecote. And in the next sentence he may have had in his mind his early struggles in London, when it is said he held the horses of gentlemen who rode to the play. The metre of the fourth and fifth lines is very irregular, and Pope proposed to correct it thus:

Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me as 'tis odious; but—

Line 11. Upon a sore injunction; that is, 'enjoined upon me on pain, if I neglect it, of sore punishment.'

13. I forget. The thoughts of Miranda make him forget his toil.

15. Most busy left. This is unintelligible. Theobald proposes to read "most busyless," meaning that those sweet thoughts upon Miranda so refresh his labours that he feels most at rest and ease when he is working. Pray you; 'I' is understood, as in 'prithee,' to be nominative case to pray.

31. Poor worm, &c. Prospero who is supposed to be looking on unseen, from the door of his cell, makes this exclamation. He calls Miranda poor worm in pity of her weakness in falling in love so suddenly, for he is an old and disappointed man, and therefore can hardly sympathise with her feelings. Infected, means 'taken with the contagion of love.' Visitation here means the manner in which Miranda is visited or affected.

34. I do beseech, &c. The direct order is, 'I do beseech you, what is your name? chiefly that I may set it in my prayers;' that is, 'I wish to know it, that I may pray for you by name at my usual times of prayer.'

36. O my father, &c. It appears that Prospero had commanded her not to divulge her name. Hest means a command, from the Anglo-Saxon hātan, to command.

37. Admired Miranda. Miranda is the feminine of the participle in dus, and means 'one to be admired;' and so Ferdinand plays upon the word.

38. Top of admiration, means the highest point to which admiration can reach.

45. Owed is put for 'owned.'

46. Put it to the foil; that is, 'put it to the disadvantage.' Foil is from the old French verb afoiler, to defeat. Ferdinand says he never before saw a woman in whom some defect did not as it were contend with the noblest grace she had, and defeat it.

49. No woman's face, &c. In this sentence 'I' is under-
stood from the former sentence to be nominative case to "remember." Miranda says, 'I remember no woman's face, save my own, from seeing it in a looking-glass.'

Line 53. Skilless of. 'Skill' means properly knowledge; 'skilless,' ignorant.

59. Condition means here rank.

60. I do think, a king. He is not quite sure whether he be a king or not, because he is not certain that his father may not be alive.

63. The flesh-fly, &c. 'To' is understood before 'blow.' Ferdinand means that, being of such high birth as he is, he would no more suffer such "wooden slavery"—the slavery of bearing logs—than he would endure the most disgusting indignity.

65. There resides. 'My heart' is understood from the last sentence to be the nominative case to resides.

66. It refers to 'service.'

70. If hollowly. 'I speak' is understood. Invert, &c.; that is, 'change the best fortune that is destined to me into misfortune.'

76. That which breeds, &c.; that is, 'upon the love which is now produced between them.'

91. A thousand 'farewells,' understood.

93. Who are surprised withal. They (that is, Ferdinand and Miranda) is the antecedent to who. If 'I' were the antecedent, are would be 'am.' The direct order therefore is:—

I cannot be so glad of this as they
Who are surprised withal.

Prospero means that he cannot be so glad that they have fallen in love with each other, as they themselves who have been suddenly smitten with affection.

96. Appertaining; that is, appertaining to, or connected with, the business I have in hand.

ACT III. SCENE II.

6. Be brained like us; that is, 'If the others, Prospero and Miranda,' of whom he has heard from Caliban, 'have such brains as we have,' or be such fools as we are, 'the state is in danger of tumbling down.'

9. Set in thy head. Stephano says that Caliban's eyes are already set—that is, glazed and motionless with drunkenness; but Trinculo puns upon the word set, and affects to understand it to mean only 'placed.'
THE TEMPEST.

16. Standard, that is, 'standard-bearer;' as we say 'ensign,' meaning ensign-bearer; or 'trumpet,' meaning trumpeter. Trinculo again puns upon the word standard, and says Caliban cannot be Stephano's standard, inasmuch as he cannot stand, scil. because he is so drunk.

19. Lie. Trinculo, who is a professional jester and an inveterate punster, again plays upon the word lie.

26. In case, &c. Trinculo says he is so valiant with drink that he would dare to jostle a policeman: that is his highest notion of valour. Case means 'state' or 'condition.'

33. Natural is an euphemism for an idiot; the word is still used by country folks, who speak of an idiot as 'a born natural.'

34. Bite, &c. Here Caliban's savage nature appears.

36. A mutineer. This is an example of the figure called apostrophe. Stephano means, 'I will hang you on the next tree.'

47. Thou liest. Ariel says, Thou liest; but Caliban, not seeing him, thinks it is Trinculo who says so.

51. Supplant here means unplant or knock out.

53. Mum is an interjection commanding silence.

57. This thing; that is, Trinculo, whom Caliban despises.

61. Party. It appears that the vulgarism of calling a person a 'party' was extant in Shakespeare's time. He properly puts it into the mouth of a butler.

62. Yield him; that is, 'place him at your mercy.'


69. Quick freshes. Quick means 'living,' as opposed to stagnant or dead; freshes, streams of fresh water.

72. Turn my mercy, &c. Stephano personifies Mercy as if she were one of his council, and warns Trinculo that he will punish him without regard to what Mercy would suggest. Stock-fish is a fish which is not only dead but dried.

93. Cut his wexand, &c. It will be observed that Caliban, in the simplicity of his savage nature, takes no pains to disguise his horrid proposal with euphemisms; he uses no innuendoes or half-finished sentences, as Antonio does when he would persuade Sebastian to murder the king.

95. Nor hath not, &c. It is commonly said in English grammars that two negatives make an affirmative. This is a mistake. As we may see from this and other passages, two negatives, in English as in Greek, only strengthen the negative signification.
Line 99. Withal means simply ‘with,’ and was formerly used instead of ‘with’ when it governed the relative pronoun and was at the end of a sentence. ‘It’ seems to be understood governed by ‘deck.’ The direct order is, ‘With which, when he has a house, he will deck it.’

100. That most deeply, &c. That is here equivalent to ‘what.’
105. Is it, &c. He calls her it, in affected contempt.
109. Save our Graces. ‘God’ is understood before save—‘may God save our Graces.’
120. Troll means properly to roll, and is applied metaphorically to singing a round or catch. Catch is a song sung in parts, and so contrived that the melodies of the several parts combine to make a harmony.
134. Mercy, &c. Stephano first professes to be very courageous but immediately afterwards shows his cowardice by this exclamation of fear; and Caliban, who narrowly watches his new master, asks in surprise, “Art thou afeard?”
147. Where I shall have, &c. After Caliban’s exquisitely beautiful description of the fairy apparitions of the isle, the contrast of Stephano’s vulgarity is delightful: his only notion is that he will not have to pay the fiddler.
153. He lays it on; a cant expression, meaning ‘he does it to perfection.’
154. Wilt come? a familiar expression for ‘Wilt thou come?’

ACT III. SCENE III.

1. By’r lakin, a contraction of ‘by our ladykin.’ ‘Ladykin’ is the diminutive of ‘lady,’ as Perkin is of Peter.
2. Here’s a maze, &c. A maze is a labyrinth. Gonzalo says the way they have walked has been as tortuous as a maze or labyrinth—a pleasure-ground laid out in winding alleys made on purpose to puzzle.
3. Through forth-rights, that is, through straight paths; and meanders, winding ones.
5. Attached. The primary meaning of attached is arrested or seized, from the French attacher, and this is its meaning here.
6. To the dulling, &c. That is, ‘so that my spirits are dulled.’ So in the English version of the New Testament it is said, “He began to be exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;” that is, so that he was in danger of dying.
7. Put off, &c. That is, ‘give up, let go.’
10. Frustrate is the past participle; the form now in use is ‘frustrated.’
16. Nor cannot. This is an example of the double negative,
of which persons who compile English grammars persist in saying that they make an affirmative.

Enter Prospero above, invisible. The contrivances for scenery in the Elizabethan theatre were very simple, consisting merely of curtains with some conventional emblem to denote what place was intended to be represented. If a bedchamber was intended, a bed was placed on the stage; if a counting-house, a table with pen and ink: at the back was a balcony which answered various purposes, one of which was to denote the appearance of supernatural persons. Prospero is of course visible to the spectators, and is only supposed to be invisible to the other persons of the drama.


21. A living drollery, a puppet-show, in which the puppets were not of wood, but alive. This seems a contradiction in terms, or at least a paradox, and indeed is intended to be one.

23. One tree, &c. The story of the Phœnix was current in Shakespeare's time. It is founded upon a passage in Pliny's Natural History, book xiii. chap. iv. thus translated by Holland, Shakespeare's contemporary: "I myself, verily, have heard strange things of this kind of tree; and namely in regard of the bird Phœnix, which is supposed to have taken that name of this date-tree [φοίνιξ]; for it was assured unto me that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itself as the tree sprung again."

25. What does else, &c. Sebastian and Antonio mean that this apparition is so strange that thenceforward they will believe anything however incredible.

26. Travellers ne'er did lie. In the Middle Ages, when few people travelled, and it was therefore difficult to verify or refute a story, the lying of travellers was proverbial. Thus, in Piers Ploughman it is said that after having made a pilgrimage they—

hadden leve to lyen
Al hire lif after.

32. Gentle-kind, a compound adjective. Shakespeare so far falls in with the affectations of the ephusists as frequently to use compound words such as 'honey-sweet,' 'childish-foolish,' 'senseless-obstinate.'

36. Worse than devils; scil. because they had conspired to murder the king and Gonzalo. Muse, in old writers, signifies admire, wonder at.

39. Praise in departing; a proverb meaning, 'Wait till the end of your entertainment before you praise it, or you may
see reason to retract your commendation.' The same sentiment is contained in the proverb, "Don't holloa till you're out of the wood."

Line 41. Stomachs means good appetites. So, after the rebellion of 1745, when Lady Balmerinoch, who was dining with her husband in the Tower, fainted on the lieutenant's announcing that Lord Balmerinoch was to be beheaded next day, the latter exclaimed, "Lieutenant, with your damned warrant you have spoilt my lady's stomach."

44. Mountaineers, &c. He refers to the inhabitants of the Alps, who are subject to swellings of the glands of the throat, called goitres. The men whose heads stood in their breasts were perhaps some kind of African apes or gorillas, whom the early travellers took for men. In Hakluyt's Voyages is a description which probably applies to these animals: "On that branch [of the river] which is called Caora [Qworah?] is a nation whose heads appear not above their shoulders. They are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts."

48. Putter-out of five for one. The words of this sentence have obviously been transposed by mistake: they ought to stand, 'Each putter-out of one for five.' The allusion is to a custom then prevalent, that when a man went on a long voyage or pilgrimage, he lent money on condition that if he returned safe home he should receive five or six times the amount. Thus, in Ben Jonson's play, Every Man out of his Humour, Puntavolo says, "I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel; and, because I will not altogether go upon expense, I am determined to put some five thousand pound, to be paid me five for one upon the return of my wife, myself, and my dog, from the Turk's court in Constantinople."

49. Stand to means to set about a thing.

50. Although my last, that is, 'although it be my last meal.'

54. That hath, &c. We should now say 'that hath for instrument.' The meaning is, that this world, and all that is in it, is the instrument by which destiny works out its purposes.

56. To belch up you. The construction of this sentence is not grammatical. 'Whom' in verse 53, is the accusative case governed by belch up; you is therefore redundant.

57. You 'mongst men, &c. This is what is called a nominative absolute, neither the subject of a verb nor its object.
THE TEMPEST.

Line 59. The metre of this line is very irregular. It must be divided into feet thus:—

And even | with such | like valour | men hang | and drown.

61. The elements, &c.; that is, the metal.
63. Bemocked-at. At is redundant. Bemocked means 'mocked at;' as Shakespeare says elsewhere, 'And the wolf behows the moon;' that is, 'howls at' the moon. This is an example of that carelessness of which Ben Jonson, in criticising Shakespeare, complains.

65. Dowle means wool or down, of which it seems to be another form. One dowle that’s in my plume signifies ‘one single twirl of the feather which I wear in my hat.’

67. Too massy; we should say 'massive,' heavy. Ariel means that he has deprived them of strength to lift their swords.

71. Requit is the old form of the participle 'requited.'
73. Powers means gods, (Greek δυναμεις.) See Galatians vi. 12.

79. Whose wrath, &c. Whose refers to powers as its antecedent.

80. Falls; 'which,' the relative pronoun in the plural nominative to agree with wrath, is the subject of falls. Else means otherwise. The direct construction of this rather intricate sentence is, 'To guard you from whose wrath there (understood) is nothing but heart-sorrow,' &c. From "which else" to "heads" inclusive is a parenthesis.

81. Heart-sorrow is a very beautiful compound substantive. We should now say 'heartfelt sorrow.'

82. Clear life, &c.; that is, 'a life free from guilt following' this heart-sorrow.

Stage direction.] Shapes means the apparitions. Mocks and moves; we should rather read 'mops and mows,' as in Lear Flibbertigibbet is said to be the demon of 'mopping and mowing.' Mops means bobs or courtseys; mows, wry faces, from the French moue.

83. Bravely does not mean courageously in old English, but finely, handsomely; as, before, "these be brave spirits."

84. A grace it had, &c. Ariel, being so graceful a spirit by nature, preserved a certain grace even when he personated a harpy devouring the viands.

85. Bated means omitted or retrenched.

86. Good life means with accurate imitation of the life: a kindred expression is, 'He acted it to the life.'

87. By observation strange is meant quaint and minute observation of all the action required to represent the part.
NOTES TO

Line 88. Their several kinds have done; that is, 'have acted the several natures which they assumed.'

89. Knit up, &c.; that is, 'bound up in their madness.'

92. Whom they suppose, &c. This is ungrammatical. It ought to be either 'whom they suppose to be drowned,' or 'who they suppose is drowned.' An example of the same solecism is to be found in the authorised version of the New Testament: "Whom do men say that I am?"

93. His and mine, &c.; scil. Miranda. Mine is now only used when it stands alone, and not before the substantive with which it agrees.

97. The winds, &c. Alonzo says the sound of the wind suggested the name of Prospero to his mind; and, following out the same metaphor, he compares the thunder to an organ-pipe which added a bass to the tune which spoke of his sin.

100. Therefore, that is 'because of my trespass.'

102. But one, &c.; that is, 'if but one fiend will come on at a time,' &c.

108. Ecstasy means madness, being out of one's mind, from the Greek ἑκστασις.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

3. A third. This is the old mode of spelling 'thrid,' or 'thread.' Thus, in some copies of Chaucer's poems, 'the Assembly of Fowls' is called 'the Parlement of Briddles,' and the City company which used to manufacture griddles is called 'the Worshipful Company of Girdlers.' The Shakespearean commentators have cited many other examples, of which the most apposite is from the comedy of Mucedonius, published in 1619:

Long mayst thou live, and when the sisters shall decree
To cut in twaine the twisted third of life,
Then let him die,

A third of mine own life, then, means 'a fibre of my own existence.' We say, when a person is in danger of death, that his life hangs by a thread.

4. Who ought to be 'whom' in the accusative, governed by the active verb 'tender,' offer.

7. Strangely means marvellously, wonderfully.

11. Halt means limp, not stop.

12. Against an oracle; that is 'even though an oracle said the contrary.'

15. Virgin-knot. This is an allusion to the ancient custom which required that maidens should wear a zone as a mark of
virginity; so that 'to loose her zone,' was an equivalent to saying 'to marry her.'

Line 18. Aspersion is here taken in its primary meaning, sprinkling; in allusion perhaps to the form of sprinkling the marriage-bed with holy water, which the priest was directed by the ante-Reformation ritual to do with these words: "Benedic, Domine Deus, thalamum hunc ut omnes habitantes in eo in tua pace consistant et in tua voluntate permaneant et senescant et multiplicentur in longitudine dieum, et ad regnum cœlorum perveniant, per Christum."

23. As Hymen's lamps, &c.; that is, 'as you hope that Hymen's lamps may light you.'

25. With such love, &c.; that is, 'with such love as we now bear to each other.'

27. Can is here taken in its primary sense of 'knows,' from the Anglo-Saxon kennan.

29. The edge, &c.; that is, 'the keen enjoyment of the celebration of our wedding-day.'

37. The rabble, &c., means those meaner spirits who were under the command of Ariel. The idea in the Middle Ages was that the fairies were the old false gods of heathenism, who still exercised a limited power. See note to the Wife of Bath's Tale, annotated edition of Chaucer, vol. ii. p. 73.

41. Vanity, vain show or illusion. So in the Psalms, "the gods of the heathen are but vanity."

43. Twink means the twinkling of an eye."

47. Mop and mow; see ante note, act iii. sc. iii. stage direction after line 82.

55. The white, &c. The heart was supposed to be the seat of the noble affection of love; the liver, of lust.

57. Corollary means properly an additional conclusion drawn from a proposition already complete; and so, as here, a surplus or superabundance.

58. Pertly means briskly as well as saucily.

63. Stover. In Suffolk and East Anglia generally, I think, stover is appropriated to hay made of clover. The people speak of 'stover-hay,' which they pronounce 'stuvver,' as opposed to 'meadow-hay.' Here I think it means hay in general. Thatched means covered, strewn.

64. Pioned and twilled brims. The banks here spoken of are the banks of ditches, not rivers, because Ceres is the goddess of agriculture. Pioned means dug; twilled means plastered or smeared, as ditches are with the wet soil from the bottom when they are 'made up.'

65. April is called spongy because it is a rainy month, and
makes the earth spongy; and is said to betrim, i.e. trim with flowers, these banks, because in April the wild flowers begin to bud and blossom. Why these flowers are especially proper to make cold nymphs chaste crowns does not appear. But if instead of pioned and twilled we read 'peonied and lilled,' and understand banks to mean the banks of rivers, then the passage becomes more intelligible; because in Shakespeare's time the water-lily was supposed to "mortify altogether the appetite of sensualitie." See Edward Fenton's Secrete Wonders of Nature; and the peony is called in Lyte's Herbal, 'maiden or virgin peonie.' But there was also a flower called the 'twill-pant.'

Line 66. Broom-groves. The broom is a shrub of not very high growth, and could hardly be said to form a grove; it has therefore been proposed to read 'brown groves.'

68. Lass-lorn, that is, forsaken by his lass. Pole-clipt, that is, clipped so as to be trained to a pole, as the vines are in France.

74. Amain, that is, with vigour or haste.
81. Bosky means covered with wood, from the French bosquet, a wood.
83. Short-grassed means so fed upon by animals that the grass is short and green.
85. To estate means to settle as an estate.
110. Foison means abundance, and to say 'plenty of abundance' is tautology. It will be seen that plenty is made to rhyme with empty, which is certainly incorrect. Farthest and harvest, again, do not afford a rhyming consonance.
128. Windring, a poetical form of 'winding.'
130. Crisp channels; the channels may be said to be crisp, because of the crisply curled verdure on their banks.
The stage direction says that immediately on Prospero's starting and speaking, the charm is broken and the spirits vanish with a confused noise. It was the belief that to speak broke the charm; as before, "Hush, and be mute, or else our spell is marred."

145. Anger so distempered; that is, 'such intemperate or immoderate anger.'
154. All which it inherit; that is, 'all who inherit or possess it,' the globe.
156. Rack is merely the old spelling of 'wrack' or 'wreck.' Prospero says the world shall utterly vanish, like the spirits, and not even leave a ruin behind.
157. Made on, that is, 'made of.'
158. Rounded means finished, completed.
Line 164. *Come with a thought*; that is, 'come in obedience to my wish, even before it is expressed in words.' And so Ariel answers, *Thy thoughts I cleave to*; that is, 'I follow them closely.'

186. *The trumpery, &c.* It is placed in apposition to the trumpery.


188. *A devil, &c.* Prospero here, speaking to himself, says that Caliban is a devil.

189. *Nurture, &c.* Nurture means, training; and Prospero says, metaphorically, that Caliban's nature is so brutal that no training or education will adhere to it.

192. *Cankers, 'becomes stunted and distorted,' as a rosebud eaten by a canker or caterpillar.

194. *Blind mole, &c.* It is to be observed what a poetical turn Caliban's continual metaphors and similes from nature give his language. Living in solitude, and having the quick observation which is fostered by it, he draws his ideas chiefly from the natural objects with which he is familiar.

197. *Played the Jack; that is, the Jack-o'-lantern, or ignis fatuus.*

206. *Shall hoodwink.* This is a metaphor from the art of falconry. A falcon's head was covered with a hood, to keep her from seeing anything till the game was on the wing. Here the word seems to mean merely to cover.

217. *Good mischief; that is, 'that evil which shall have a good effect,' namely, the murder of Prospero. The folly and frivolity of the butler and fool are contrasted with Caliban's superior sense and strength of will. They are all equally guilty.*

226. *Prippery, a store of secondhand clothes. Belongs to means here 'becomes.'*

231. *Let's alone.* The Cambridge edition, following the first folio, reads, *Let's alone;* but Johnson proposes to read *Let's along,* which means, of course, 'Let's go along.'

238. *A bald jerkin.* The meaning of this jest is not obvious. The pun depends upon the double meaning of 'line,' either the line on which the clothes were hung, or the equinoctial, under which people are subject to a disease which induces baldness. *A bald jerkin* is a threadbare, poor, shabby jerkin or short coat.

239. *Line and level,* systematically, as a carpenter works.

244. *Pass of pate.* A *pass in fencing,* means a thrust with the sword or foil. A *pass of pate* then means metaphorically a sally of wit or a repartee.
Line 245. *Lime* means birdlime, used probably by pick-pockets to make coin and other articles adhere to their fingers.

247. *Our time*, that is, ‘our opportunity.’

248. *Barnacles.* The *barnacle* is the solan goose, which was in the old times supposed to grow out of a sort of shell-fish which adhered to trees.

249 *With foreheads, &c.* That is, ‘foreheads low like those of villains’ or slaves. The great difference between the formation of the head of man and that of the lower animals consists in the height of the foreheads of the former, indicating a larger brain.

255. *Mountain, Silver, Tyrant,* are all names of hounds. This is one among many passages in Shakespeare’s works which show his familiarity with the chase, and render it probable that the tradition, that he was driven from Stratford for shooting Sir Thomas Lucy’s deer, is true.

259. *Dry convulsions.* Such convulsions as would seem to dry up the joints with pain.

260. *Aged cramps;* such cramps as aged people are subject to.

261. *Pard or cat o’ mountain;* that is, the leopard and the wild cat.

263. *Lies at my mercy.* *Lies* is, I think, a remnant of the old plural *liath.* See note, act i. sc. i. l. 16.

265. *Have the air,* &c.; that is, ‘be able to sport and wander at will through the air.’

**ACT V. SCENE I.**

1. *Now does my project, &c.* I think this is a metaphor from a tumour in the human body. Prospero compares his plan, for revenging himself on his enemies and recovering his dukedom, to a swelling which gradually increases till the purulent matter forms a gathering, and then it is ripe for the lance of the surgeon.

2. *Charms crack not.* The magician was supposed to bind, as it were by some strong charm, his ministering spirits, who were ever ready to find some flaw in it, and to break from his obedience. *Time goes upright,* &c.; that is, ‘time marches on without bending or falling under the burden with which he is charged,’—a very noble metaphor.

3. *How’s the day?* that is, ‘How goes the day? ’ ‘What hour is it?’
Line 10. Weather-fends; that is, 'defends from the weather.'
17. Eaves of reeds; that is, the eaves of a reed-thatched roof.'
20. Were I human. Shakespeare's idea of Ariel and the other fairies is that they are irresponsible beings, too light to be affected by the deeper passions of humanity, with scarcely more depth or strength of character than the lower animals. La Motte Fouqué, in his fairy tale of Undine, very beautifully develops the same idea.
23. That relish, &c.; that is, 'who feel or taste passion altogether as sharply as they.'
25. Though with their high wrongs, &c.; that is, 'though my feelings are wounded to the quick by the high wrongs they have done me.'
27. Do I take part. Prospero says there is a conflict in his soul between his nobler reason and his fury, and that he takes part with the former.
29. The sole drift of my purpose means 'the only object towards which my purpose drives.' Drift is formed from the verb 'drive,' as 'cleft' from 'cleave.'
33. Ye elves, &c. This address is an example of the solecism called in rhetoric 'anacoluthon,' that is to say, when the construction of the end of a sentence does not correspond with that of the beginning. Prospero solemnly addresses the spirits, his ministers; but then, instead of telling them to do anything, he merely enumerates the wonders he has wrought by their aid. Steevens, the commentator, suggests that, to cure this defect, we should read, instead of 'but this,' in line 50, 'all this.' In writing this passage Shakespeare had probably in his mind some faint recollection of Medea's speech in Ovid's Metamorphoses, which he had probably read in Golding's translation. 'Elf' (plural elves) means properly a spirit of the mountains, and is the same word as alp in the other Teutonic tongues.
35. The ebbing Neptune. Neptune, the god of the sea, means here the sea itself.
37. Green sour ringlets are the rings of rank, dark green, but sour grass, formed, I believe, by the growth of some fungus. Of this grass the cattle will not eat.
38. The ewe not bites. The ewe is put poetically for all cattle. Bites, by the same poetical figure, is for 'eats.'
39. That rejoice, &c.; that is, 'you who rejoice;' that refers to you. The fairies are said to rejoice to hear the curfew, for the curfew ushers in the night, when they are supposed to take their pastime.
NOTES TO

41. Weak masters. The commentators suppose an antithesis between masters and servants in this; as if Prospero meant, that though the fairies were weak as masters, they were powerful when acting as his servants. But I think masters is only used ironically as a term of slight contempt.

52. Which even now I do: 'require' is understood. He speaks this to the spirits, who are supposed to hear him, though they are invisible.

53. To work, &c.; that is, 'to produce the effect which I intend upon their senses, and for which this airy charm has been woven.'

58. A solemn air, &c.; that is, 'May this solemn air, which is the best comforter to an unsettled fancy, cure thy (Alonzo's) brains, which are now useless, being boiled within thy skull.' Madness is a fever of the brain; and so the brain in madness may be said to boil. So we say, 'My blood boils,' meaning 'I am in a fever of anger.' The same expression occurs in The Winter's Tale: 'Would any but these boiled brains [madmen] hunt in this weather?'

63. Even sociable, &c.; that is, 'My eyes let fall tears in sympathy with the appearance of yours.' 'I see you are weeping, and I weep for sympathy.'

67. Ignorant fumes, &c.; that is, 'the mist of ignorance which is wrapped like a cloak round their clearer reason.'

69. A loyal sir, &c.; that is, 'a loyal gentleman to him, [Alonzo,] whom thou followest as a servant.'

70. Thy graces; that is, 'the favours thou hast done me.'

73. Furtherer is one who furthers or assists another in some act.

74. Pinched, punished by this shipwreck; or else perhaps pricked by conscience. Flesh and blood: Prospero addresses Antonio as his flesh and blood, because he is his brother.

75. Entertained ambition; that is, 'welcomed ambition to your bosom.'

80. Begins to swell, &c. Prospero compares the return of their reason to the flow of the tide; and says that the tide of reason will soon cover the shore of their minds, which is now foul and muddied by madness.

82. Not one of them, &c. Prospero is dressed in his magic robe, and therefore, he says, not one of them knows him: he therefore tells Ariel to fetch him his hat and rapier which he used to wear at home; and he adds that he will disface him, that is, take off his robe, and present himself
to them as he used to dress when he was once Duke of Milan. *Sometime* means once; *Milan* means Duke of Milan.' See note, act i. sc. ii. l. 109.

Line 88. Where the bee sucks, &c. This elegant song illustrates the supposed nature of the fairies, who in medieval belief were the old gods of the Romans, reduced to a state of comparative harmlessness and weakness, but retaining all the love of nature which distinguished the fauns and nymphs.

91. On the bat's back, &c. Bats are seen in summer only, and therefore Shakespeare seems to suppose that they migrated. Ariel, being a delicate epicurean spirit, abhors the cold of winter and everything rough and ugly, and like the swallow—or, as Shakespeare seems to suppose, the bat—migrates from one zone to another, so as always to be where it is summer.

96. So, so, so, &c. This is said by Prospero as Ariel fits on his dress. It is as much as to say 'that will do.'

102. I drink the air, &c. Johnson wittily observes, This is an expression of swiftness, of the same kind as 'to devour the way' in King Henry IV.

103. Or ere, &c.; see note, act i. sc. ii. l. 11.

105. Inhabits. This is an example of the present singular form of the verb with a plural nominative case. See note, act i. sc. i. l. 16.

112. Or some enchanted, &c.; that is, 'or some vain magical apparition sent to deceive me.'

113. I not know is a poetical form for 'I do not know,' or 'I know not.'

114. As of flesh, &c.; that is, 'as if you were of flesh and blood.'

116. This must crave, &c.; that is, 'This must require, if indeed it exists at all and be not a mere delusion, a most strange explanation.

118. Thy dukedom, &c. It appears from Prospero's conversation with Miranda that Alonzo had required Antonio to pay tribute as the price of his connivance in Antonio's usurpation of the dukedom. *And do entreat, &c.* This sentence is elliptical: when fully expressed it would run thus, 'and do entreat that thou wilt pardon,' &c.

121. Embrace thine age. This is a very poetical expression, and so full of meaning that it is difficult to explain. It means, 'Let me embrace thee who art so aged;' but it also implies a respect for Gonzalo's age, as if his age were one of the causes which urge him to embrace his old friend.
Line 122. Confined means here 'limited.'

123. You do yet taste, &c.; that is, 'Your senses are still under the influence of the delusions of this magic island; the taste of them, as it were, still remains on the palate of your mind.'

126. My brace of lords; said in contempt to Sebastian and Antonio. Pluck here means to bring down.

128. Justify means to prove, to convict.

139. Woe is here an adjective meaning 'grieved.'

145. As great, &c.; that is, 'The loss is as great to me as it is recent.' He means that he has lost Miranda because he has given her to Ferdinand. In this line the accent must be laid upon the first syllable of supportable. The direct order is, 'And I have much weaker means to make the dear loss supportable than you may call to comfort you.' The dear loss means 'the loss of the dear one.'

154. Admire is here a verb neuter, meaning to wonder. Encounter means meeting.

155. Devour their reason. This expression is analogous to 'devour the way,' and means 'question their reason with the utmost anxiety.'

156. Do offices of truth; that is, 'perform their functions truly.'

163. A chronicle of day by day; a story to be related little by little daily.

167. And subjects, &c.; that is, 'and no subjects beyond it.'

170. To content ye, &c.; that is, 'to content you as much as my dukedom contents me.'

172. You play me false; that is, 'you cheat.' He replies, he would not cheat for the world, and she rejoins that if he were to wrangle, that is, to argue against reason, for twenty kingdoms, she would call it fair play.

183. Brave means beautiful.

195. And second father, &c.; that is, 'she, by becoming my wife, will make him my father-in-law.'

196. I am hers; that is, 'her father, by accepting her as your wife.' He then recollects that he must ask her forgiveness for having driven her, with her father, from Milan.

200. Inly, inwardly.

212. And all of us, &c.; 'All of us have found ourselves, having lost our reason and then being restored.'

218. Blasphemy. Gonzalo addresses the boatswain not as blasphemer, but as blasphemy itself personified.

223. We gave out means 'we believed to be.'

226. Tricksy means pretty or engaging.
THE TEMPEST.

Line 230. Dead of sleep. This form shows that 'asleep' is a contraction for 'of sleep' or 'on sleep.' We should now say, 'dead asleep.'

241. My diligence. As Gonzalo calls the boatswain 'Blasphemy,' so Prospero addresses Ariel as my diligence, Diligence personified.

244. Conduct means here 'conductor,' as we say now 'a safe-conduct.'

245. Rectify means to verify or explain.

246. Infest, annoy, trouble; from the Latin infesto. Beating on; that is, 'continually thinking on.'

247. Picked leisure; that is, 'some selected unoccupied time.'

248. Single I'll resolve you; that is, 'I alone, without the presence of others, will explain to you.'

248. Coragio, the Italian for courage; not used, I think, because Stephano was a Neapolitan, but because it was an affectation among the tavern-haunters of the time to use "strange terms and far-fetched oaths"—to interlard their conversation with foreign languages—in order that people might think they had served in the wars abroad.

259. If these, &c.; that is, 'if my eyes do not deceive me.'

261. Setebos. See note, act i. sc. ii. l. 373.

266. Plain fish; that is, 'plainly a fish.'

268. This mis-shapen knave. Here is a nominative case without any verb, for 'his mother' is the nominative case to the verb 'was.' But though not grammatically correct, this is a common colloquial form, used where the object is to draw particular attention to the word in the nominative.

269. And one so strong, &c. This sentence is elliptical: the ellipsis may be thus supplied: 'And one that was so strong that she could,' &c.

271. And deal, &c.; that is, 'and exercise authority within her (the moon's) jurisdiction, though not equal to the moon in power.'

277. Reeling ripe. Ripe means drunk; reeling ripe, drunk even to reeling.

280. This grand liquor, &c. Alonzo alludes to the 'grand elixir' of the alchemists, which was supposed to restore him who drank of it to youth. It was called aurum potabile, drinkable gold; and these drunkards are therefore said to be 'gilded' by it. The joke lies in the insinuation that wine is the only elixir of life.

281. Pickle. Alonzo asks how they came into this pickle,
meaning pitiable plight; but Trinculo, in his character of jester, puns upon the word, pretending to take it literally of the saline character of the filthy pond in which Ariel had ducked them.

Line 284. *I shall not fear*, &c.; that is, 'because I am salted.'

286. *But a cramp.* A ludicrous and witty exaggeration, meaning that he has been so filled with cramps that he has ceased to be himself, and is nothing but one mass of cramp. "Sometimes," says Barrow, "wit is couched . . . in a lusty hyperbole." They had been cramped by Ariel in accordance with Prospero's orders.

289. *A sore one.* A pun on the word *sore.* 'A sore king' might mean either a cruel king, or, as Stephano insinuates in his case, one who was sore with cramps.

296. *Grace* here means pardon.

303. *Waste* here means spend. In its neuter signification it is often used by the common people in Essex to mean simply 'grow gradually smaller,' without any idea of misuse being attached to it; as when a man says 'That heap of mangold is wasting,' he does not imply that there has been any lavish use of the mangold, but only that it is being quickly used.

304. *I not doubt.* We should now say, except in poetry, 'I do not doubt;' but in Shakespeare's time I think this form was allowable in prose.

305. *Go quick.* *Quick* qualifies the verb *go,* and is therefore an adverb, though in the form of an adjective. The old adverbial form differed from the adjective form only by the addition of a final *e,* and this instance may be a relic of it.

319. *Fare thou well.* This is the correct form; *fare thou* being the second person singular of the imperative mood. The modern 'fare thee well' is altogether ungrammatical.
EPILOGUE.

It will be observed that the Epilogue is spoken by Prospero, who still partly maintains his character of a magician, which he applies to his relations as an actor to the audience; and this creates a pleasing and fantastical confusion. He tells them that he is detained on the stage by a spell until they break it by their applause; and asks them to dismiss him "by the help of their good hands," that is, by clapping; for charms were supposed to be dissolved by the least noise. Finally, he tells them that, like the necromancers in the stories of the time, his end will be despair, now that his charms are overthrown, unless they will plead for him by prayer; an allusion, I think, to the custom prevalent in Shakespeare's time, of concluding the play by a prayer, offered up kneeling, for the sovereign. The whole thing is, therefore, merely a fanciful and graceful mode of saying that the play is over, and of asking for the applause of the audience, after the fashion of the Roman dramatists, who always conclude their plays with the formula Plaudite.
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